The Saturday News

"ALBERTA" AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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The Anti-Reciprocity Agitation

Every day that the anti-reciprocity agitation continues, the Laurier government receives a new measure of strength. Such luck in its old age it did not deserve. Its attitude in tariff matters is the worst part of its record. There is nothing that has done more to alienate those who were in the days before 1896 the backbone of Liberalism. But now thanks to the selfishness of some of its opponents and the stupidity of others, it will be able to face the country when the time comes for another appeal as the friend of increased freedom of trade.

It will be able to claim that it was responsible for the additional prosperity which must come from the opening of the United States markets to our natural products, though on examination of the situation no intelligent man can fail to see that it was nothing that our government did but purely the desire on the part of Mr. Taft to pull down his country's tariff wall that the change is to be ascribed to. If the Conservative party had been well led, it would have heartily welcomed the change and taken good care to make clear that Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues were not given credit for it that they had not earned. Instead of doing so, however, the majority of Conservative leaders and newspapers have undertaken to prove that wider markets for our products are a bad thing and that the government is very blameworthy for lending itself to negotiations which will bring these about.

The position which they have assumed is an utterly absurd and illogical one and in their effort to sustain it the exponents of the party's policy are led into declarations that must spell ruin for their candidates, when next an appeal is made to the electorate.

The newspapers from one end of the Dominion to the other have been full of the question. A few extracts from the anti-reciprocity speeches and articles indicate their drift. Here is the conclusion of one of Prof. Stephen Leacock's impassioned appeals:—

"Down with the slumbering pine woods of Columbia and the pulp wood wilderness of New Ontario.

"Rip and tear the soil of Alberta that its grain may pour into the miller's hoppers at Minneapolis.

"Down with it, out with it, away south with it, the whole natural heritage of Canadian people, that should have been held in trust for their descendants.

"And meantime smile, if you can, with the simper of the fool's content at the sale of your little peck of potatoes in the Boston market.

"Clutch tight the Yankee nickle of your profit.

"You may well treasure it.

"You have sold for it your birthright and your future."

What a horrible thought for the man who has his money invested in Canadian lumbering industry and for the workers engaged therein that it should receive a large impetus as the result of the opening of new markets for his products to the south? How the wheat grower must grieve over getting better prices for his grain, for this is the only inducement that would lead him to ship to American centres rather than by the long haul to Liverpool? How the potato growers of Prince Edward Island must lament the fact that a market is found close at hand which will double the value of the land in their province?

Why develop our birthright at all, if it is a national crime to sell our products where we can secure the best price for them?

But if our producers are to be denied this privilege, why does not some one suggest a means by which those who wish to buy from us can be prevented from doing so? The only possible remedy is an export duty. Unless this is proposed Prof. Leacock's so-called argument is so much wild talk that leads nowhere.

His ideas have been expressed by a ministerial poet, Rev. F. G. Scott of Quebec in the following outburst:—

Lord God, rise up in Zion, rise up at Thy people's cry,
For blindness has fallen upon us and the doom of our land draws nigh.
Lord God, rise up and save us; they have put a strange song in our mouth,
For our rulers would barter our birthright for the gold of the Kings of the South.

Lord God of our fathers, rise up at Thy people's cry,
For blindness has stricken the nation, and the doom of our land draws nigh.
Rise up, ere it falls, Lord, and save us, and blast with the fire of Thy mouth
The treason that barters our birthright for the gold of the Kings of the South.

We used to be told of the evils which resulted from buying from the foreigner and letting our gold out of the country. Now the evil consists of letting the gold in. The amateur politician economist may be excused if he feels a little puzzled.

How effective Rev. Mr. Scott's poem would be on the hustings, when the farmers assembled to be told how wicked it is for them to take the filthy lucre of the Americans for their products? Incidentally the reverend gentleman's action in trying to drag the Lord into an economic discussion is open to criticism on theological as well as other grounds.

The Hamilton Herald replies to Mr. Scott as follows:—

God of our fathers, hear us—give ear to Thy people's cry;
There are traitors who fain would betray us to our foes who desire to buy—
To the foes who would buy our barley, our wheat, our eggs, and our hay;
They are plotting to make us richer with what they're prepared to pay.
What though we sell them our produce now, as we always have done before?
Arise in Thy might, O Lord and keep us from selling them any more.
O, blast with the fire of Thine anger those traitors, be whom they may,
Who would help to open the Philistines' gates to our barley and wheat and hay!

The utterance of Mr. Champ Clark, the prospective speaker of the United States House of Representatives, in which he expressed the hope that some day the Stars and Stripes would wave over the whole continent has been eagerly seized upon by the opponents of the pact. But there is no indication that it has any significance whatever. We have known all along that a large portion of the people of the country to the south cherished this hope. But their number is each year growing less with increased knowledge of the conditions on this side of the line. The position of the average American of intelligence was stated admirably the other day by Mr. Knox, Mr. Taft's secretary of state, who at Chicago said:—

"If there should be any great world-movement involving this continent, Canada and the United States recognizes with satisfaction that the Dominion perfect concert in defence of the common rights of a common blood and civilization. The United States recognizing with satisfaction that the Dominion of Canada is a permanent North American political unit, and that her autonomy is secure. The United States appreciates the addition to the common welfare of the continent that Canada contri-

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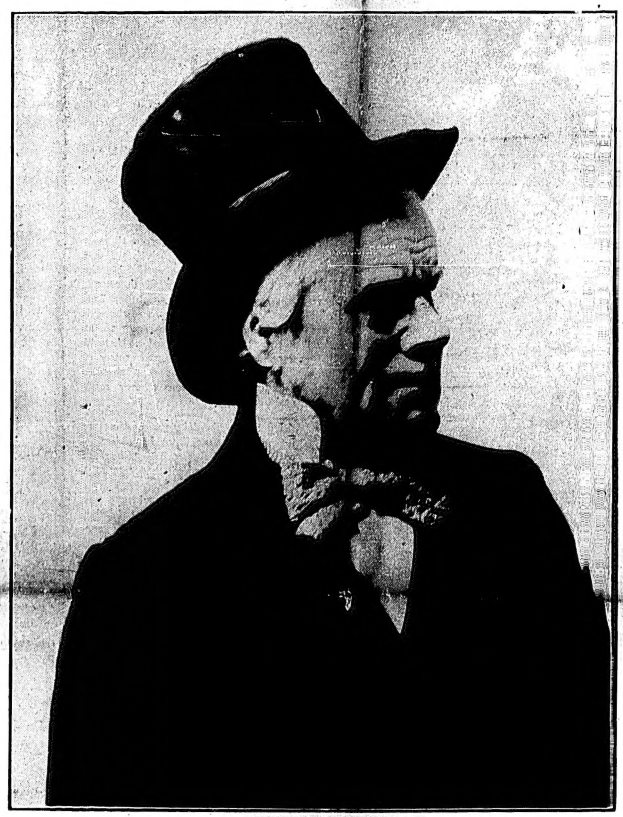
MR. EDWARD TERRY



The great English Actor, who comes to Edmonton next week, in "The Toymaker of Nuremberg" one of the four plays he will present in this city.

The Situation at the City Hall

The aldermanic banditti who have been seeking the head of Bouillon for the past two months attempted to effect their purpose on Tuesday night. They came away from the council meeting, presumably with the scalp of the commissioner, but the said commissioner refuses to stay dead and the play must go on.

With only Ald. McKinley opposing, Ald. Hyndman being absent through illness, a resolution was passed dismissing the much-discussed $10,000 official. Next day, however, the city solicitor gave the ruling that the council's action was contrary to the by-law, no notice having been given. So Mr. Bouillon is still on the job and his pursuers will have to start out on the warpath once more. In the meanwhile, public opinion is asserting itself in so unmistakable a fashion in disapproval of the course which has been followed that there is a fair chance of things being left as they were, so far as the permanent commissioners are concerned.

Ald. McKinley resigned on Wednesday, and Alderman Hyndman is prepared to do so. As both would stand for re-election, the opportunity would be given to place the issue squarely before the people, if the rest of the council persist in their course.

While Mr. Bouillon is not free from criticism and has adopted an attitude at various stages of the controversy which has prejudiced his case, there is absolutely no excuse for the summary treatment which has been accorded him by the men who considerably less than a year ago appointed him to his post. Having taken the responsibility of entrusting very important interests to his hands at that time, it is utterly unreasonable to interfere with him at this stage, except for the very best of reasons.

They talk about insubordination. He was quite justified in refusing to submit to their inquisition behind closed doors. Rightly or wrongly he holds that he is being made the subject of persecution because he was not ready to be made the tool of certain of the aldermen who had various projects in view that he considered opposed to the public interests. He was quite prepared to defend himself and throw full light upon the manner in which the city's affairs have been conducted since he became connected with them, but wishes, quite naturally, that he should have the opportunity of justifying himself before the public. Apart from declaring that he lacks tact, which does himself more harm than it is likely to do the city, nothing has been alleged against him which could excuse in the slightest degree such an upsetting of the civic arrangements as has been attempted.

It is said that he is a Czar. In dealing with certain conditions, with the responsibility for honest and efficient administration put right up to him, it is necessary for a man placed as he was to do things off his own bat and without too great regard for the personal feelings of others. But when it comes to

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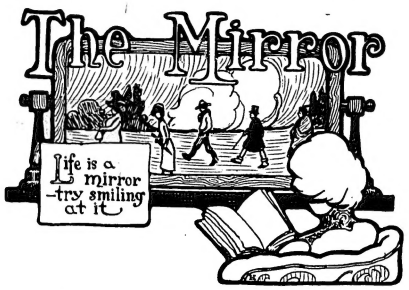
PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

On another page of this week's issue appears the first of a series of articles by Mr. C. Lionel Gibbs, the well known architect, on the need of making definite plans with a view to the growth of the city. The subject is one that has been dealt with from time to time in the Saturday News, and there is plenty of evidence that it has aroused much interest among citizens generally. With the great development that is in prospect for Edmonton in the immediate future, the moment is undoubtedly opportune for taking up the question in earnest and the comprehensive review of the problems involved which Mr. Gibbs presents should serve a useful purpose.



Farmer John.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound,
His black coat off, and his old clothes on.
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog. "Get down you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get fed when I'm away?

You haven't a rib," says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink.
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray—
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!

"For after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home;
I've seen great sights—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare,
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray
That's what one gets by going away!

"There money is king," says Farmer John,
And Fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends every year
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stock and ten per cent—
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray.
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John—
Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on the vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John: "I'll take you too—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

The simple and touching joys of home-coming have never been better expressed than in the old school reader favorite, "Farmer John." You boys and girls of twenty and thirty years ago, will remember how you used to rattle it out in the little old schoolhouses back east, and the day I reached home, a week ago, I strode around my own little stamping ground, calling a greeting to my own yellow pup, dashing out to see how the chickens had done in my absence, handling my little household gods, and experiencing one after another, the deep happinesses that each on other, make up the inexpressible joys of home.

"The best of a journey is getting home," says not only "Farmer John" but a mighty company who have wandered far afield and who are in a position to know.

Well, here is the new looking-glass at your service. How do you like it?

The old one I may now confess to you, got cracked—a chance for you to say at the hands of its court court polisher, or in sympathy with, or some other smart little bonmot of that nature. However, cracked it did get, somehow or other, and like all other poor things that outlive their usefulness, despite past good service, it has had to be done away with.

In the new Mirror have crept in new shadows. Not alone any longer sits a wistful-eyed girl to gaze dreamily at the reflections of a smaller looking-glass. In her place is a modern, up-to-date young woman, reading we shall say, a modern, up-to-date book, while passing by are types that are very familiar ones to all of us here in the West.

I had thought of having a Shop Window in place of a Mirror, but I am getting old-fashioned, and like the old familiar things about me. And again a little rhyme embodying a Mirror's Philosophy warns me how foolish the change would be.

"A Mirror met, by chance, a Window-pane,
'Good friend," the latter cried, can you explain
Why our dear Peggy lavishes on you
Such loving care, and such devotion true,
While I, though ever eager for a chance
To serve, am seldom favored with a glance?"
"The reason, gossip, is not far to seek,"
Replied the Mirror as he rose to speak:
"Through you each day her neighbor's charms are shown;
I, wiser, tell of nothing but her own."

Which, however, isn't an absolutely truthful conclusion, for a Mirror, held at a proper angle, can reveal a great many things denied to a window-pane. Besides, did I look for copy in a shop window, I should see through you, and you, looking out, worse still through me. Which would be folly on both sides.

Fielding has it that "a Looking-Glass is a well bred instrument, and that it is also the greatest flatterer in the world: It tells every woman that she is a beauty—the utterance of an Ananias—and never disparages behind the back." I have no desire to be a great flatterer, I prefer to reflect things as I happen to see them in "my particular scar;" I would, though, like to aim to please you all, and better yet, make you pleased with yourselves. Not being a natural-born coward I trust I may never say "behind your backs" what I would not, cheerfully, to your faces.

I believe we get what we give in life. That every chicken and smile comes home to roost. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you," says the poet, and just as patly sings my rhymer, "Life is a Mirror: try smiling at it."

A man's look or outlook is the prima facie evidence which shows what he is, far, far better than what he says or does, for it shows us the habit of his mind, which is the same under all circumstances and disguises.

"Life," the clever weekly, is fond of putting this question:

"Why do you take yourself so seriously?"

The Smart Aleck will probably answer for him, "because no one else can," but try a week of The New Mirror's instructions and believe me, in future you will henceforth "use no other."

A week or so ago the greatest woman journalist in Canada—did I write my convictions, I should say in America—laid down her pen as a staff contributor to the Toronto Mail and Empire. I refer to Mrs. Theodore Cole-man, the inimitable editor of the Woman's Kingdom of that publication, and known, all Canada over, to those who love her and are familiar with her work, as "Kit."

I am not an old enough newspaper-woman to be able to write at first hand, any adequate record or appreciation of the life and writings of this remarkable woman journalist. But I have been at the game sufficiently long, and am closely enough in touch with men and women of my craft, to be able to pay a slight tribute to her genius, and to call attention to the unique position she occupies today, after a twenty-one years apprenticeship in editing "a woman's page."

I believe I am right in saying that she is the pioneer woman journalist of Canada. At least she was a pathfinder, and has borne the heat and brunt of the fight ever since. Where today a woman's page is a feature of every up-to-date paper, twenty years ago it was an innovation. From what I know of the profession at the present time, a time of much moderation and comparative broad-mindedness, I can imagine the early trials and struggles, the bigotry and misjudging, which must have been hers.

A woman in a public position is a target for the ill-humor and spite of her immediate little world. A woman journalist in a far greater sense, seems to be fair game for the anonymous letter writer, the scandal monger, the fanatic and the mischief-makers of her own constituency of readers.

Starting with the conclusion that in order to maintain a page of any originality, she has to be at least fairly well-read, well abreast of the times, and possessed of a certain charm as a writer, it will be at once seen that her life must of necessity be a busy one. In addition add household cares and responsibilities, such self-control as will make her impervious to the luxury of indulging her own personal feelings and troubles, such unselfishness and devotion to duty as will make her turn in her copy, week by week, measuring up to the best that is in her, and it will be readily seen that it takes an exceptional woman to do it.

But twenty-one years to keep at this same sort of thing; think of the strain of it! Twenty-one years, to set out discovering the newest and most absorbing things under the sun, and dish them up to old and new friends in the most palatable shape possible. There's a task for you.

How "Kit" has measured up to the standard, her life-long readers can testify. Not a week that her Kingdom has not been full and running over with clever sparkling commentary on the news of the day, some exquisite description of something that has caught her eye or captured her heart, some plea for a noble cause, a word of encouragement for some young writer, a brilliant paragraph on a new book, an appreciation of the work of some dead master.

It was all one what she wrote on. She brought to every subject she discussed, the charm of her individuality, the sparkle of her native Irish wit, the unique experience of a much-travelled and eminently cultured mind, the keen observation of the born journalist, and the infinite tenderness and insight of a remarkably gifted woman. Her humanness was her outstanding characteristic. She had the seeing eye that is the birth mark of genius, and she had drained the cup of life to the lees and learned the secret of true and unaffected sympathy.

Her pictures of Ireland and Irish life have never been excelled. Wash writing of her little "red-brick village" she had you wandering down its crooked Main street, pointing out the pump and the wooden gaol as interestingly as if they too were landmarks of your own childhood. I think her great heart made it impossible for her not to want to share things. She couldn't enjoy a thing without at least a good dog for company. I recollect a little trick of hers of suddenly taking you by the hand to draw you into closer companionship. It is so characteristic, I have always felt as if so she figuratively took her readers, for those wanderings in the Kingdom.

I never knew a writer who had the gift of word-painting as she possesses it. It is the same in her conversation. Only the other day in Toronto a journalist who had been over with her on her last trip to England, described to me an American's enthusiasm after hearing her chatting away about a night's experiences on the London Embankment.

"I swear to you she is the most fascinating conversationalist I have ever listened to," he protested. While on the train, a woman speaking of her, and a certain article she had written regarding a Christmas box she had sent West to her boy, remarked, "Many's the box I've sent myself," watered with tears as she described it. "That's the reason everybody loves her, because she writes of what lies near her heart."

In the membership of the Women's Press Club her name has shone forth as the bright, particular jewel of their crown. She is the best-loved woman in the organization; she was their first President. I cannot think but that she must someway, somehow, keep up her literary work. We can't afford to lose her.

Maybe now, with leisure, she will write the books she should have written years ago. Perhaps we shall even get her newspaper "recollections," and that, I truly believe, would be the most enthralling story of them all; But if she never writes another line, she has taken us hand in hand through her Kingdom, measuring out to us not the miserable half of a Herod's domain, but every nook and corner of it. In return she has won another kingdom, the kingdom of her readers' hearts.

I notice by the daily papers that our learned city councillors have discovered a new game called "Sherlock Holmes." It is enjoying a great rage in Edmonton at present.

They used to play it in a larger way in Roosevelt's day over the border, and it consists in investigating everything, or more properly speaking, everybody, in and out of sight.

The game can be played by any number of players, and as many "Star Chambers" can be set up as will leave enough players out to be investigated. It appears to be much more fascinating than attending to ordinary civic business, as ever since they started playing it, most of the councillors refuse to do anything else.

Of course it's a bit trying for those outside of the Star Chambers, and the poor things on whom the X-rays are turned, but Jove! we've got to have some excitement or we die of ennui. That's quite correct, isn't it?

Everybody's scared.

"Off with his head," is the pass word favored by the Sherlocks.

A head falls here, a resignation comes in with a sickening thud there. Whew! these perilous times!

If you're in doubt about anything and ask a policeman, he won't tell you. Why? 'Cause he's a-scared to.

Mum's the word. Not Mumm's Extra, though the city editors do complain that the news service is Extra Dry at the present time.

If some Dr. Watson will ask the Sherlock Holmes what it's all about, anyway, and let us get down to business once more, I am sure a grateful Public will re-elect him by acclamation.

It's gotten to be as much as a man's reputation is worth to enter the municipal service, and as long as this sort of thing obtains, appointments made today with a flourish, followed by an "off with his head" order tomorrow, the City of Edmonton appears to have a very good chance of bringing up the tail-end of the procession of progressive Western cities.

I have an entirely new idea. In case anyone thinks of stealing it, take notice that a patent has been applied for. The idea is to furnish a nurse on all trains to look after absent-minded gentlemen. I am particular in stating "for gentlemen," because my experience is that women are much more capable of looking after themselves while travelling.

The matter was brought to my attention on my last trip, by seeing an absent-minded, middle-aged Englishman starting off for the Alberta Hotel in Calgary with his dear, bald head bared to the wintry breezes.

"Whither and why," said I, "without your chapeau?" I said "chapeau" because so many of us who are abroad are perfecting themselves in French, and I am practising to get in the game.

"Unfortunately," replied the gentle fellow, "I left my hat in the dining-

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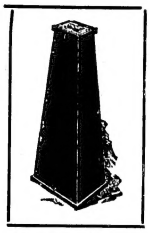

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NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINEERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination will be held by David Fraser, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers for the Province of Alberta, at

Strathcona	March 4	Orange Hall
Fort Saskatchewan	March 6	Queen's Hotel
Bruderheim	March 7	Victoria Hotel
Lamont	March 8	Windsor Hotel
Mundare	March 9	Mundare Hotel
Vegreville	March 10	Queen's Hotel
Innisfree	March 11	Alberta Hotel
Mannville	March 13	Alberta Hotel
Vermilion	March 14	Brunswick Hotel
Kitscoty	March 15	Hotel
Lloydminster	March 16	Britannia Hotel
Tofield	March 20	Queen's Hotel
Holden	March 21	Hotel
Viking	March 23	King Edward Hotel
Wainwright	March 25	Wainwright Hotel
Stoney Plain	March 27	Bismarck Hotel
Morinville	March 29	Morinville Hotel
Edmonton	April 1	Hourston's Hall

at 9 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for Certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application forms may be obtained on application to the Department or to the above-named Inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

The Fall examinations will be discontinued.

JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Why Edmonton Should Take Up A Civic Planning Movement

The First of a Series of Articles by Mr. C. Lionel Gibbs—A Historical Sketch Showing the Growth of the Conception—What Has Made Paris the Most Beautiful City in the World—The Examples that America Affords.

The development of a great convenient and beautiful city is an ideal that may well inspire the least imaginative of men. It is an ideal that has influenced art and politics since the earliest time and has found multiple expression according as social conditions, racial traditions and economic and political considerations have reacted upon the effonts of the city builder. I purpose in the following articles to take up various phases of city development and will endeavor to show more especially what has been and is being accomplished by the modern civic planning movement in the direction of better sanitary and social conditions, a more healthy and joyous environment for the children of the people, greater practical convenience in providing for the city life and activities present and future, and last but not least, an enhancing of the dignity and beauty of city and town so that they shall be a lasting memory of delight to the departed strangers and a daily inspiration to those who have their being in their midst.

And in writing these articles I am actuated by no mere academic enthusiasm but by the earnest conviction that it will be good for the people of Edmonton to seriously consider the movement to which I have referred in all its bearings and with special reference to their own needs. Few cities ever so stood at the gateway of promise, with such a rich dower of natural advantages as our own. Much that is admirable in city development has been accomplished by the old timers of Edmonton with an unusual foresight and largeness of vision. This in itself constitutes for us an obligation and a stimulus.

I propose to deal with the various aspects of Civic Development under the following heads:

1. Historical sketch of Civic Planning, and especially of the modern movement bearing that name.
2. The passing of the slum.
3. Street Planning and Traffic Considerations.
4. Civic Centres.
5. City Parks and Playgrounds.

I wish it to be understood that the object of these articles is not the adoption of any particular scheme of my own in the development of the city, but the creation of such interest in the subject as will I hope now or later on result in the formation of a civic commission and the obtaining of a report and scheme from acknowledged experts which shall form the base and ground work for future development.

Historical.

Civic planning has always been less difficult under autocratic than democratic government. In the "good old days" of one man rule there was scant regard paid to vested interests or private rights. The civic centre was frequently the autocratic castle, and his monumental avenues and pleasure grounds swept back the unconsidered common folk into crowded existence on what surface remained after his landscape gardener had finished. The Greek, Roman and mediaeval city builders had comparatively few and very definite requirements to meet. A Greek city consisted of four parts. The arrangements for defence, city walls and towers, secondly, the abode of the gods, in the Acropolis or the lower city with the sacred precincts which surrounded them. Thirdly, the market place with the porticoes or public buildings around it, and lastly, in the Greek mind, the houses of the inhabitants. Above the city rose almost always an Acropolis at once the dwelling place of the king or tyrant, an arsenal and place of arms, and the oldest seat of the city deities. As in old Italian cities we find a street traversing the site from North to South, with another passing from East to West and crossing it at right angles. In the centre was the altar in the midst of the Agora, or principal public square. Roman cities under the Republic and Empire were generally laid out on the chessboard plan, denoting the influence of the military government, and were largely designed from a defensive point of view. The civic centres were formed by the Forum, theatre, market and baths. As the cities in later times grew out beyond the original walls, regular straight lines were no longer preserved, and the irregularity of the mediaeval city resulted. There were no industries to plan for in the Roman town. Rome, it has been said, had no chemical science or industries, consequently no smoke or manufactures and no need for arrangement for factories, and for the consumption of smoke, one of the most important features of modern town planning. The mediaeval city, like Topsy, "just growed." The cathedral and its appurtenances, the castles of the nobility, the City Hall, all received some attention as independent units, but around these the roots of the modern slum spread out in picturesque confusion, unsanitary, but still joyous, until modern industrial conditions choked the laugh and clouded the smile. In the Renaissance period much grandiose planning was carried out under the Greek and Roman influence, especially in France and Germany. King and Governors vied with each other in magnificence. Taking the development of Paris as an example, Louis XIV initiated the formation and widening of numerous great avenues. Under Louis XV were laid out "Les Champs Elysees," "La Place de la Concorde," and "La Rue Royale." The great system of exterior boulevards was inaugurated under Louis XVI, while in 1793 the National Convention enriched with the spoils of church and aristocracy appointed a commission of artists to draw up a scheme of civic embellishment. Their plan was in a measure carried out, but is open to criticism as being too geometrical and indifferent to practical considerations. Under Napoleon III, the great Baron Haussmann, one of the greatest civic planners of all time, carried out improvements costing approximately $100,000,000, and incidentally made Paris the most artistic and attractive city in the world. On a conservative estimate about $100,000,000 is expended annually in Paris by tourists and visitors, who go there to a great extent because of these improvements. Consider the foresight of Paris and its results, and then take the case of London, England. After the great fire of 1666, London had a unique opportunity made additionally so by the fact that Sir Christopher Wren was at that time the guiding spirit in the development of the city. He saw the chance and prepared a plan for reconstructing the city upon lasting and monumental lines, but the authorities had not the imagination and courage necessary. In desperate haste the same sites were built upon, the same streets grew narrowly and unsystematically into being, and since then millions have been spent, and millions will have to be spent in correcting the mistakes and atoning for the improvident past. There is however one feature of the layout of London which is altogether excellent. If you have ever lived in that vast city you will have been grateful for those garden squares and crescents which everywhere abound to the number of about four hundred, due to the enlightened self interest of private owners, and while as a result access is denied the public to the majority of these, they provide breathing spaces of incalculable benefit. No sketch of civic planning prior to the organized movement with which these articles are principally concerned would be complete without some mention of Major Pierre L'Enfant, who with Major Ellicott designed the city plan of Washington towards the proper carrying out of which energetic steps are at this moment being taken. L'Enfant whose name figures on the "roll of honor" prepared by Washington of those who had rendered illustrious services in the war of independence, was commissioned by the latter to prepare a plan for the Government Capital, and this plan, though neglected in subsequent years, forms the basis of the scheme at present being carried out under Messrs. Burnham, McKim, Gaudens and Olmstead. As far as most countries are concerned, the present civic planning movement took birth not over 25 years ago. However, in 1874 the government of Sweden enacted a town planning law applicable to the whole country, probably the first law of its kind. This was completed and amplified in 1907, and influenced to a considerable extent the British town planning Act of 1909. In the Act of 1874 the following provisions occur:

Some of the Requirements.

The streets shall be wide, and shall run in the direction most suited for traffic.

Large and suitable sites shall be provided for markets, harbors and other places where there will be much traffic.

Wid promenades (or boulevards) with shrubberies in the middle and roadways on each side shall traverse the town.

As many as possible other public planted open spaces shall be provided in the town.

When a new plan is prepared or an existing plan is altered, for the regulation of one or more districts of a town, regard must be had to the future regulation of other town districts which may possibly come into existence, so that an harmonious arrangement of the whole town may be obtained.

In order to facilitate the working out of a scheme and to stop speculation, the community may claim a prohibition of erecting of buildings on a certain area that is to be planned.

This Act, I would repeat, was enacted 37 years ago, and we in this great modern land of Canada are still developing our cities on the "Topsy" principle.

What England Has Done.

The English Town Planning Act of 1909 was but the culmination of much hard work and courageous enterprise on the part of private individuals. The model towns of Letchworth, Port Sunlight, and Bournville had stimulated public interest and curiosity. It seemed incredible that slumdom was not after all a necessary evil. That hard headed manufacturers should and could house their workmen in the town sanitary and beautiful and still make money was something like a miracle to the conservative Britisher. It is small wonder that with such distressing examples of the obverse hide of the medal all around them, the far sighted and patriotic people in the community realized that here was a movement, that if properly developed, might again bring back to Merrie England if not the halcyon days of the Merry Monarch, at least such conditions as would allow the race to develop and sustain those traditions of virility and enterprise upon which the fabric of all Empire must rest, or failing which crumble into irretrievable decadence.

As to the results of the 1909 town planning Act the Right Hon. John Burns, its author, has this to say, after it had been in effective operation not more than six months: "In that time the Local Government Board have not moved except after consulting all the competent authorities and adopting many of the suggestions which engineers, architects, and local authorities have made in the form of regulations. But already twenty-six local authorities are preparing schemes, many other authorities are considering the application of by-laws to their problem, and hardly a day passes by but the Central Authority is either helping by information, those seeking advice, and giving good counsel to local authorities who are rapidly feeling their way. You have only to look at the literature and bibliography of town planning to see how the subject is growing, and if I have been able by this Bill to stimulate the latent interest there was in favor of better house and town planning, I have been amply rewarded by everything I have seen since this Bill became a statute."

In the United States.

With regard to Germany, the whole country is honey-combed with civic planning commissions. I have read that there are as many as 2,000 actually at work. In Austria the Government compels all municipalities to provide plans for extension.

Coming to our own side of the water we find that with characteristic intuition the people of the States have frozen on to what they considered a live and businesslike proposition. So much civic planning is being discussed and initiated in the States that it is difficult to keep track of what is being done. I have made a particular study of how they are setting to work, because I realize that for good or evil they have similar problems to our own, and that their achievements must inevitably influence our own attempts.

"The Western Architect" of December, 1908, in its leading article refers to what is being done. "It is over one hundred years," it says, "since President Washington and his engineer, L'Enfant, planned the Capitol City, and that plan has been reverted to, and that it might not again be departed from a commission has been appointed and placed in charge. Stupendous work has been well commenced in Cleveland, where a permanent commission of three of the most celebrated architects of our time are in charge, and whose work will be carried on into the coming generations. Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and San Francisco are all working on the same problem of reconstruction, while the whole country is dotted with smaller cities from San Diego, California, to Roanoke in Virginia, that have adopted civic plans and have nailed them down so that their general lines will be followed from year to year.

I could add the following names to that list: Rochester, St. Paul, whose citizens have made a contract with Cass Gilbert for plans for a capitol approach, which will be the commencement of a general civic plan; Minneapolis, whose commission has engaged Messrs. Burnham and Bennett of Chicago to study existing conditions and report a plan; Seattle, where I understand a Municipal Plans League has been formed with Charles H. Bebb as chairman; Baltimore; Manila, where, at the request of President Taft, Mr. H. D. Burnham of Chicago is preparing a beautification scheme; Detroit, where the Civic Commission of the Common Council have joined with representatives of the Michigan Chapter of Architects and the Chamber of Commerce in adopting a plan for civic improvement; Milwaukee, where plans are being prepared by Alfred C. Clas, under the direction of the City Council and the Parks Commission, who also propose calling in Messrs. F. L. Olmstead of Brookline and J. Nolen of Cambridge, Mass. to help them in arranging their contemplated civic centre. Portland, Oregon, has a vigorous Civic Planning Commission, and $20,000 was recently raised to procure a plan. Messrs. Burnham & Bennett, of Chicago, were entrusted with the work. I have before me the comprehensive report and plan prepared by Mr. John Nolen for replanning Reading, an industrial city of 100,000. This report was prepared at the invitation of the Civic Association of Reading.

Pittsburgh, matter of fact, hard-headed Pittsburgh, has appointed a Civic Planning Commission, who in turn have obtained from three well known experts a report outlining the procedure to be followed, and the data to be obtained for the purposes of the preparation of a civic plan, and containing in addition certain general suggestions for improvement and development. Mont Clair, New Jersey, has through its municipal commission obtained from Mr. John Nolen a report and scheme for the preservation of its natural beauty, and its improvement as a residence town. Oklahoma City has issued the report of W. H. Dunn of Kansas City on its scheme for an Outer Parkway and Interior System of Parks and Boulevards.

Waterloo, Iowa, is another, and their name is legion. I would like to close my description of what is being done in the States with a word about the little mining town of Gwinn, in upper Michigan. Gwinn is a model town where not three years ago was a densely wooded valley. Its building was the idea of the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company, and its design was by Warren H. Manning, landscape architect, of Boston.

Gwinn has an area of one square mile, a modern sewer and water system, roads and sidewalks, is cleared and graded to accomodate 5,000 persons, and has houses for more than six hundred. Provision was made for the extension of the town area.

In its establishment, Gwinn is the product of a modern miracle in industrial progress. After Mr. Manning had selected the site for the town, his assistants surveyed the land and staked out the site in deep snows in the winter of 1906-7.

When Mr. Manning first reported upon the site of Gwinn, he recommended that public reservations be made to include the surrounding steep wooded slopes. This was done. To make the lands accessible, Mr. Manning planned a three mile trail, ultimately to be a road of easy grade. It was recommended that a civic centre be established at the terminus of the principal street. There a school, a court house and several churches are situated.

In addition to the beautiful natural surroundings, the streets are planted with trees. Much care was taken in the original clearing to preserve some of the maples, elms and pines. The main streets have a total width of eighty feet, with a planting space be-

(Continued on page seven.)

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THE COMING OF THE CHALMERS
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This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car.
When you buy a motor car, just what it is that you buy, anyway? Is it simply so much wheel base, so much steel and iron and rubber and wood finished into motor, transmission frame, wheels, tires, etc.? No, what you really buy is a name.
The Chalmers name stands for good design, for the best of materials, for careful expert workmanship, for endurance, reliability, comfort and beauty.
We have a CHALMERS "30" now on exhibition in our garage and invite you to call and inspect it.
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THE INVESTOR

A Discussion of the Threatened Trouble in the Building Trades from the Standpoint of the General Public—Western Investor Considers Effect of Reciprocity—Development in the Coal Fields of Alberta—Activity Here and There.

THE BUILDING TRADE SITUATION.

The Investment Editor,
"Saturday News," Edmonton.

Dear Sir:—

May I ask you to allow me to encroach on your valuable space for the purpose of referring to a matter of grave importance, not only to the genuine investor, but also to the whole of the city of Edmonton as well. I refer to the declaration of "open shop" by the Edmonton Builders' Exchange and the inevitable tie-up of building activity which will result unless cool heads and the application of sound judgment are brought to bear upon the opposing parties.

In approaching this subject let me say frankly at the outset that I do so entirely from the view point of the bona-fide investor. I am but a small investor, Sir, though I have but little doubt that in the minds of our socialistic friends I am numbered among the blood sucking, soulless capitalists whom, metaphorically speaking, they delight to flay alive. Let me say further and with equal frankness, that I hold no brief for either party; if I had my own way I would knock their heads together until they acquire some common sense and reasoning or became eligible for wooden overcoats and six foot of cold earth apiece.

The action of the Builders' Exchange appears to be the natural result of both parties having signed agreements between themselves and then going back on their word when difficulties cropped up and they found themselves called upon to act like MEN and accept the consequences of their lack of good judgment—be they what they may. This is an extremely regrettable state of affairs, and so long as it remains true the less we hear about our high standard of commercial morality the better for all concerned.

I have no desire to make invidious comparisons, but in England—which country, with all its peculiarities and weaknesses, can still teach us many things—the man who goes back on his signed undertaking goes on the carpet before "public opinion," and those who know anything of business principles in England, know what the result is—that man is down and out for the rest of his natural. It will do Canada no harm when the same fate meets those unworthy sons of her, who "apeing the man, yet act the cur."

What are we going to do to put matters right? The future growth and development of the city demands we do something—and while we are about it we may as well do it thoroughly and put things on a firm and lasting basis.

I am going to throw out a suggestion, Mr. Editor, which I should like to see discussed fully by those competent to write on the subject. It is not entirely original—but this does not of necessity condemn it—inasmuch as the principle involved was applied by the Government of Cape Colony some ten years ago in order to cope with a somewhat similar state of affairs.

I would suggest, Sir, that at the next session of the Provincial Legislative Assembly an Act be introduced under which all unions, associations, exchanges, federations and the like, of both employees and employers, be made absolutely illegal! Having abolished all unions we must proceed to protect the interests of both parties. For this purpose the Act should provide for the creation of Labor Boards, having jurisdiction over certain clearly defined portions of the Province. The Board would be composed of a chairman and one representative employer and employee of every kind of work affected by the operation of the Act. In order to secure confidence in the work of the Board it would be well to secure as chairman either a Justice of the Supreme Court, a judge of the District Court, or failing either a local gentleman of good standing, and if such a person exists in Canada, one of no known political leaning. The Board should be vested with absolute power to settle all matters of dispute regarding both wages and hours and their rulings should be as final and binding as those of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada or the Imperial Privy Council.

It should not be necessary to have a full meeting of the Board to hear every complaint. Let us take an illustration. The printing employees of the Edmonton District feel that the rate of wages paid them and the hours they are required to work, are unsatisfactory. A meeting is held, and formal application is made to the Government for a sitting of the local Labor Board to hear the complaint. The application is transmitted by the Government (if the reasons given are considered satisfactory by the minister in charge of the working of the Act) to the chairman of the local Labor Board. He thereupon calls a meeting of the representative of the master printers and the working printers. These three will constitute the Board for the hearing of this particular case, and their verdict, or the verdict of the majority, should be absolutely final.

Whether such a Provincial Act would trespass the Lemieux Trades Dispute Bill, I am not clear, but it seems to me that the two need not clash. If I understand aright the Lemieux Bill seeks to prevent strikes—the function of the Provincial Act would be to supervise and control the rates of wages and the length of hours. Of course if the Lemieux Act could be redrafted to incorporate the suggestion contained in this letter, and thus make it a Federal Act operating throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, so much the better.

One word more before I close. I want an absolutely square deal for both parties. I want an Act that the Government, be it Federal or Provincial, will enforce regardless of politics and political influence—an Act that will remove industrial Canada from the rod of the grinding employer and from the domination of alien labor federations—an Act that will jail anyone from the Governor-General down to the humblest Chink if they set to work to thwart its provisions.

I must apologise for the length of this communication, but I trust the importance of the issue raised will be its justification.

Yours truly,
ALFRED MILNER.

Edmonton, Feb. 20, 1911.

The statement issued by the Public Works department that in 1910 three million tons of coal were mined in Alberta as compared with 2,174,000 in 1909 shows development at a remarkable rate. But with the opening up of the immense coal fields along the G. T. P. west of Edmonton during the coming season, the increase should be very much larger for 1911.

The latest coal company to come to the front is what is known as the Consolidated Coal Fields of Alberta. The enterprise is headed by Leslie Zebrab, and with him are associated Lieut.-Governor Bulyea, John A. McDougall, H. W. B. Douglas and E. T. Bishop. The property it is proposed to develop comprises 10,000 acres on the Embarass river, and will be tapped by the G. T. P. branch to the Brazeau.

A company, capitalized at $100,000, has been organized to operate along the G. T. P. at Lake Wabamun.

The following statement as to the effect of the reciprocity negotiations made by Mr. Arthur Grenfell in London, is of decided interest in view of the fact that the company, of which Mr. Grenfell is the active head, has acquired large interests in this part of Alberta within the past year:

"From my recent trip to Canada, I am convinced Canadians fully realize that progress and prosperity have accrued to Canadian manufacturing and agricultural industries from cheap money sent out at a rate of over £30,000,000 per annum by English investors. I am confident that the first thing taken into consideration by the Canadian ministers would be whether this reciprocity agreement with the United States might affect securities against which these large investments have been made. I believe it will prove of inestimable advantage to Canada. Great material benefits will be derived by the whole Dominion in both agricultural and manufacturing industries from the opening of American markets.

"The future prosperity of Canada must be largely based on the soundness of agricultural industry and the enhanced value of western farm lands that will result from reciprocity will mean greater prosperity to English investors. The few markets that reciprocity will open to the farmers of the west will cause greater demands for the products of the situation. It appears to me they have secured splendid terms for Canada in exchange for giving Americans what Americans could have taken for themselves at any time by simply lowering their tariff wall without asking permission from Canada."

Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, who put through the merger which unites the two large boot and shoe houses, the Ames Holden and the McCready company, both of which have branches in Edmonton, is a young Montreal capitalist who has had a striking career. The deal involves $4,000,000, but Mr. McGibbon is said to have swung it without assistance. He has not been in the merger business very long, but he seems to understand its rudiments, having had a good deal to do with the foundation of the merger of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company back in 1906, a $7,000,000 concern of which he is president. More, however, has been heard of him the past year or so in connection with La Rose Consolidated, the well known combination of the old La Rose, the Lawson of "silver sidewalk" fame, and other less noted Cobalt properties. It was supposed in a good many wise quarters when Mr. McGibbon and his associates were let into La Rose that they had had a lemon handed to them, but though it did look like that for a while Mr. McGibbon has stayed with the concern, and with energy, helped out by luck, has seen the combination develop marvellously until he is now president of the second largest producer in the camp. Mr. McGibbon's latest mining venture is in the Porcupine gold camp. He has gone in there with W. B. Armstrong, of New York, and if the camp makes good it is very likely that Mr. McGibbon will add another million dollars or so to his banking account.

The Messrs. Alvesbeden and other Vancouver financial men who have been much interested in Alberta oil development visited the wells of the American-Canadian company at Montville last week.

The C. N. R. proposes to spend $50,000 this spring on the Edmonton terminals. Its staff at this point will be largely increased during the year.

Hollanders, resident in the Edmonton district, are planning a movement to bring out a large new colony of their countrymen in the near future.

The wholesale firm of Donnelly, Watson and Brown, Ltd., groceries and confections, have opened an Edmonton warehouse at 640 Third street, with Messrs. D. Cameron and F. W. Harper in charge.

Alfred Husenbrinks, an eminent German geologist, has returned from a visit to the coal properties near the Yellowhead.

The Alberta College Board has decided to offer for sale the property south of College avenue, between McDougall and First, which the city has been negotiating for in order to use it for park purposes. The city and College authorities could not agree on a price.

Mr. W. F. Bredin, ex-M.P.P., who is in Edmonton at present, states that in his opinion the centre for the Grande Prairie country will be on the south-west shore of Bear lake.

W. G. MacFarlane, D.L.S., and twenty-two men left Edmonton this week to survey twelve townships in the Peace River block. Mr. MacFarlane has taken up considerable land in Grande Prairie and will commence farming operations on it this summer.

In 1913 the International Geological Congress will make Toronto its meeting place. The main feature of the congress will be an excursion from coast to coast, on which the thousand members will size up the Dominion's mining resources and take impressions of its geology. Alberta should have something interesting to show them by that time, particularly if the provincial government should have wakened up to the necessity of appointing a provincial geologist

WHAT PIGEONS SOMETIMES CARRY.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

For more than two thousand years carrier pigeons have been used to carry messages when no other means sufficed, and during the siege of Paris when three hundred and sixty-three birds were sent out from the doomed city, one of the birds performed the almost incredible feat of carrying to the outside world on one trip no less than 40,000 messages averaging twenty words each. This was 800,000 words, or the equivalent of five or six average novels.

This marvel was accomplished by the means of microscopic photography, the messages being first printed with ordinary type, and then photographed, until they had been reduced several hundred diameters. The final photographs were taken on films or pellicles of collodion, each of which, about two inches square, contained 50,000 words. A dozen of these films, rolled up in a quill, weighed but one twenty-eighth of an ounce. The messages could, of course, be read with a microscope, without the necessity of rephotographing and enlarging.

Under favorable conditions, and for comparatively short distances, pigeons have carried as much as three-quarters of an ounce. Using the photo-reduction method, it would therefore be possible for a single bird to carry messages equal in words to no fewer than one hundred and twenty ordinary volumes.

HALVING HONORS.

The original woman's rights woman of the modern era, according to a contributor to Le Figaro, was Olympe de Gonges, a Frenchwoman who was beheaded—but not before she had wittily pointed out the gulf, fixed by custom, between woman's inherent and her civic rights.

In 1791, a manifesto which had no precedent whatever, and which contained an article which has kept suffragists going ever since, the intrepid Olympe de Gonges declared:

"Woman has the right to mount the scaffold; she should also have the right to mount the tribune."

Another way of expressing the same idea is credited to Madame Condorcet. It is said that Bonaparte, when Consul, remarked to Madame Condorcet:

"I don't like to have women mix up in politics."

"In a country where their heads are cut off," the wife of the philosopher returned without hesitation, "it is natural that they should want to know the reason why!"

Provide for the worst: the best will take care of itself.—S. Armstrong Nelson.

THE CURSE OF THE NATION IS CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-tives" Alone Cures This Disease

A famous scientist states that Constipation, or non-action of the bowels, causes more deaths than all other diseases combined. Constipation inflames the Kidneys, ruins digestion, is the foundation of Rheumatism, poisons the blood, causes Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Insomnia.

Constipation is caused by a weak or sluggish liver. Bile, the only purgative of the body, is secreted by the liver, which in turn should pour out into the intestines sufficient bile to move the bowels. Unless the liver is active, there cannot be enough bile to move the bowels regularly, and Constipation is the result.

"Fruit-a-tives", the famous fruit medicine, will always cure Constipation because it acts directly on the liver—relieves the congestion—increases the quantity of bile—and strengthens the bowel muscles.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial size, 25c. At dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

Not all examinations in Scotland are for the civil service. In his "Memories Grave and Gay" Mr. John Kerr reports one held at a village tavern to decide a wager, and, incidentally, to determine the relative scholarship of two schoolgirls. Their respective fathers had started the discussion over the table.

"Och, yes," said Norman, "we must give more education to the lassies than to the lads."

"Faith, Norman," said Duncan, "I dare say you're very richt there, and I'm sure there's not a man in all Sutherland can throw a stone at me for that. Our Mary is the cleverest lassie in all Sutherland; there's not a lassie in the Reay country like her. She's a grand scholar, our Mary."

"Your Mary?" said Norman.

"Yes, our Mary."

"I'll wager you my Jessie is as clever a lassie as your Mary."

"Your Jessie?"

"Aye, jist my Jessie."

"Done," says Duncan.

"But who will examine the lassies?" says Norman.

"Well," said Duncan, "I think you should let me examine them. You see, I have jist been down at the examination of Kinlochbervie school today, and the ministers was there, and the parents was there, and the ministers was asking them questions, and the children would be answering them. It was a grand sight, noble, and I was there, and as I'll be jist fresh off the irons, I think you should let me examine the lassies."

"Very well, Duncan, you'll examine them."

The girls meanwhile were amusing themselves outside. Norman rang the bell and asked the servant to send in Jessie. When she appeared Duncan began:

"Jessie, your father says you're a grand scholar, and as clever a lassie as our Mary. Now jist tell me dhis, do you know the meaning of a verrub (verb)?"

"No, I do not," said Jessie.

"That will do for you. Jist you go away and send in our Mary."

When Mary appeared, Duncan said, "Now, Mary, I have been telling Norman that you're the best scholar in Sutherland. Jist show him how clever you are. Do you know the meaning of a verrub (verb)?"

"Yes," in quite a triumphant tone, "it's a noun."

Duncan looks defiantly at Norman and says, "There, now, my friend, what do you think of that? Didn't I tell you she was the cleverest lassie in the Reay country?"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

The popularity of Tolstoy often brought him into comical situations, which he himself would tell about afterward. One incident, noted in P. A. Sergeyenko's "How Tolstoy Lives and Works," will bear repetition.

One day in Moscow he was walking along a narrow sidewalk, when an intoxicated man crawled, staggering, along to meet him. When the stranger caught sight of Leo Nikolaevitch, he came to anchor, as it were, and with twisting tongue enquired

"Comte Tolstoi? Y-yes?"

"Yes."

"I am your admirer and imitator," said the fellow, with feeling, and respectfully made way for his exemplar.

OURSELVES

Our announcement and the PUBLIC.

We confine our announcements to a plain and straightforward statement of what we have to offer. We desire the public to feel that we have a genuine interest in our business, apart from mere commercial trading - that we recognise our duty to the public it was great as that which we owe ourselves. This advertisement is addressed to that thoughtful public which judge prices by values - and which cannot and will not be influenced to reverse the process.

In that spirit and with that end in view we write of the attractiveness of the Great Estate, convinced that it offers to the investing public a unique opportunity of securing a home site that cannot fail to please. The most painstaking care has been exercised in obtaining listing and we feel confident of our ability to justify the patronage of those who are looking toward to making their home in a select residential district which is within easy reach of the City.

THE GROAT ESTATE
What it was & what it is

It seems but yesterday that the beautiful Groat Estate was considered to be so far out in the country as to be of little, if any value, as a residential property. In those days lots could be bought for a fraction of what they fetch to-day, while those who purchased were considered by many to be lacking in judgement and common sense. It was said that the Groat Estate was "miles from nowhere"; very few folk ever thought of its great natural beauty and attractiveness.

But times have changed. To-day the Groat Estate is a beautiful high class residential property, in which are to be found all the benefits of a home in the country though it is within easy reach of the City. The days of "miles from nowhere" are past and over - an excellent street car service has brought this popular suburb *within ten minutes ride of the centre of the City.*

The Groat Estate is growing rapidly in popularity amongst those who desire a quiet country residence not too far from the City. It is being built up with an excellent class of residence and no suburb will see greater building activity during the coming summer

The streets have been well graded and well made; plank sidewalks have been laid down and this work will be extended in the Spring; a large portion of the Estate is already furnished with water, sewer, electric light and telephone and these utilities will be increased during the coming Season. Thus it will be seen that the Estate is *thoroughly modern in every respect.*

Confident that the demand for this choice property will continue heavy, we have secured a listing of practically every lot that is in the market at the present time. The prices will be found reasonable and we can arrange the terms to suit the requirements of the purchaser.

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Home and Society

Next Wednesday, Society dons its garb of sackcloth and ashes. There will be no more Bridge parties, no more dances, no, no anything but penance and sewing bees, and quiet tea-sippings. Forty days and forty nights of it—perhaps a good thing, too, for a change.

This week, though, the busy jade is making up for the coming famine, and there are engagements and parties enough to stop a human clock.

This Thursday Mrs. J. D. Harrison is giving a matinee Bridge, and Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes another tiny one. In the evening Mr. Suckling has one of his series of concerts.

Friday Mrs. Farquharson will be the hostess of a Bridge, and the last Assembly takes place in the evening at the Hotel Cecil.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. Ferris is giving a large Bridge at the King Edward Hotel.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Terry will hold the boards, and Tuesday will also be the night of the "Dickens Dialogues."

There will be other invitations out for the early part of next week, I feel sure, so that Wednesday will find us concrete but tired.

The Premier and Mrs. Sifton's reception at "Garrykennagh" on Tuesday evening, in honor of the famous young Calgary violinist, Miss Kathleen Parlow, and her mother, was a very smart affair indeed, the guests including Mrs. Bulyea, the Judges and their wives, the University set and prominent professional and society folk without number.

The Premier received with his wife, Mrs. Sifton wearing an elegant creation of white lace and satin, with touches of black velvet and crystal garniture. Mrs. Clark Dennis was radiant in violet Dresden chiffon over satin, and handsome jewelled ornaments. Miss Parlow, a willowy, sweet-faced girl, surprisingly young and beautifully unspoiled, wore opalescent chiffon with jewelled trimming, and Mrs. Parlow was very striking in richest black silk velvet with gold lace, and a magnificent garnet necklace.

From the conservatory floated out the distant strains of Turner's orchestra, the refrains of popular numbers, oftentimes drowned in the buzz of conversation about one. Everywhere were crimson and deep red tulips; baskets of them, with trailing smilax, being arranged most effectively on the stair-case, on the handsomely appointed supper table, a vision of crimson and white, and making the air suggestive of a fragrant day in early spring.

Among the crowds of well known people I noticed: Mrs. Bulyea, in a dream of a gown, white satin with an overdress of heavy silk embroidery and silver, the Premier taking her to supper; Chief Justice Harvey, who took in Miss Parlow; Mr. Justice Scott with Mrs. Parlow; Mr. Justice Beck with Mrs. Harvey, the latter wearing a lovely and most becoming gown of Paisley chiffon and black lace with jet garnitures; Judge and Mrs. Taylor, Judge Noel, Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mons. and Madame Thibaudeau, Mr. and Mrs. Dickins, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hardisty, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Hislop, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Farquharson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barnes, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harcourt, Prof. and Mrs. Broadus, Prof. and Mrs. Edwards, President and Mrs. Tory, Mr. and Mrs. Stocks, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McLeod, Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Cornwall, Mrs. Duncan Marshall and Miss Jean McIsaacs, Madame Cauchon, Mrs. Sydney Woods, who wore a stunning Paris gown of pale blue satin, veiled in magnificent gold lace, the Misses Webster, Miss Maud McKenny, Mr. Nash and many others.

Mr. J. D. Hyndman has purchased the Slococks' charming property and residence, on the corner of McKay avenue and Seventh street, and will take possession in the early summer, when Mr. and Mrs. Slocock will leave for at least a year's sojourn in England.

Mrs. Hyndman and her children will leave shortly for a visit to the coast.

Mrs. Rogers, of Hamilton, who has been such a charming visitor to Edmonton this winter, staying with her relatives the T. M. Turnbulls, has taken a house, the corner of Eighth street and Victoria avenue, where she and her son are already cosily settled.

On Friday evening Mrs. D. L. Scott had a jolly dance for the younger set, an orchestra furnishing splendid music, while all the other arrangements were in keeping with the reputation for delightful hospitality, which affairs given by this popular hostess have always enjoyed.

A little coterie of prominent Edmontonians have purchased a beautiful strip of property in Glenora, a subdivision bound to be one of the smartest residential districts at the Capital, and are already busy with their plans for their future homes. They include: Mr. C. W. Cross, Mr. Mowat Biggar, Mr. Sydney Woods, Mr. Clarke Bowker, Mr. Harry Evans and Mr. J. K. Cornwall.

Mrs. Arthur Sifton leaves on Thursday to spend a week in Calgary.

I had intended announcing the Dickey-Oliver engagement last week, but understood that the family preferred to make a formal announcement. However, everybody knew in some mysterious way, as they always seem to do in such cases, and Mr. Dickey was being showered with congratulations, and the vivacious young fiancee's family kept busy, saying how pleased they all were.

Mr. Dickey is now east on a visit to his old home in the Maritime Provinces, Ottawa also, needless to say, being included in his itinerary.

Weeks ago I had a personal written referring to Mr. Jack Landry's return to town, to enter the firm of Gariepy and Landry, but by some error the item never appeared.

Three years ago Mr. Landry spent the summer here, making hosts of friends, so that his return is more in the nature of a home-coming. Mr. Landry is young, clever, and very good-looking, and is a decided acquisition to the ranks of the young set at the Capital.

On Saturday night there were two merry out-door parties on the tapis, a sleigh-load driving out to St. Albert and returning to Mrs. Metcalfe's for a delicious oyster supper, while another crowd of about thirty young people went "bobbing" as the guests of Miss Marion Ross, later returning to the Benson's for supper.

The Man in the Moon, and the Lady too, kept their faces modestly hid until midnight, which fact was responsible for many spills on the hillside, and more than one broken "bob." However, stingy moons can not drown the tinkle of merry sleigh-bells, or dampen the fun of going a-bobbing.

So Edward Terry is coming to Edmonton next week!

When I wrote of seeing him in Toronto a fortnight ago, I little thought I should so soon have the pleasure, and Edmontonians the privilege, of hearing him in Edmonton.

I need not tell you that every performance is a delight, but I may perhaps suggest, that parents who wish to give their children a rare treat, should take them to hear "The Toymaker of Nuremberg" at Wednesday's matinee. There you have Terry at his best, and the little doll's shop, and the talk of Teddy Bears, and a great many other matters dear to the heart of childhood, will, I predict, make "the day they saw Terry" one of the red-letter ones of their lives.

"Sweet Lavender," Monday's bill, is an old favorite. "Liberty Hall" I don't know. It is Tuesday night's offering, but "The Magistrate" will send you home in high good humor for a week. Plotting, fibbing, married couples should see it. Nobody who enjoys a laugh should miss it, if they have to go without a good many other small luxuries for a month.

Prices are $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Mr. Terry carries a big company and carloads of scenery, and to be able to see him in this far west at Toronto prices is a privilege indeed. Much credit is due Mr. Russell of the Empire Theatre for his enterprise in bringing such a high-class attraction to town.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, on behalf of the Beaver House Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, is presenting some "Dickens' Dialogues" in All Saints schoolroom at 8.15 o'clock.

I have not yet heard just who is taking part, but knowing Mrs. Hyndman's great success in the past in all amateur theatrical matters, and as a play producer, I am sure a record crowd will greet her latest venture, the "Dickens' Dialogues."

No one can be quite as humorous as rare Charles Dickens. No one's humor is dearer to the heart of the big reading public. Tuesday's "Dialogues" should afford one many a hearty laugh, and there's good luck to the enterprise.

There will be a meeting of the Canadian Handicraft Guild in the Y. W. C. A. parlors at 3.30 o'clock this Friday afternoon for the purpose of forming a committee to elect officers for the coming year.

Mrs. Richard Ghiselin will not receive this coming Wednesday, nor again until the first Wednesday in April.

Mrs. Scoble had a jolly matinee Bridge in honor of Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Richards' guest and sister, on Friday afternoon, three tables engaging in play. Mrs. J. D. Harrison and Mrs. Jas. Smith carried off the prizes, two very artistic pictures.

The hostess received in a dainty linen frock, and those playing included: Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mrs. Barford, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Bourke, Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Scarth.

Later a few dropped in for tea, the table being exquisitely done with a tall brass basket of golden daffodils on a handsome lace centre-piece.

On account of a previous engagement to attend the Curling Tea on Saturday, I missed the excellent programme given by the Ladies' Musical Club, which I hear was one of the most successful and enjoyable recitals yet given by that enterprising organization.

The Club is doing a splendid missionary work in popularizing high-class music at the Capital, and I hear many expressing the hope that all the meetings should be thrown open to the general public.

Mr. Suckling is another educator along these same lines, his series of invitation recitals at Harmony Hall drawing many delighted audiences to hear some capital programmes, outside artists almost invariably assisting.

In time surely we will become more appreciative of the best type of music, and high-class concerts will no longer go a-begging paying audiences.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lines and their children, left on Thursday morning to spend a couple of months at Los Angeles, Cal.

Both Mr. Lines and the Little Tommy have been under the weather of late, and it is hoped that the Sunny South with its more equable climate will soon set them up again.

Mr. and Mrs. David MacFarlane have moved from their farm into town and have taken up their residence at 30 Le Marchand Mansion.

Madame Fontaine, of Quebec, who visited here a year or so ago, and made a great many friends for herself, is again en pension at the Alberta Hotel, and was an interested spectator at Thursday's Curling Tea.

In error, I wrote Mrs. Geo. Kirkpatrick's guest's name as Miss Stark, instead of Miss Sparks, in last week's paper.

I hear that the Cuthberts are already cosily settled in their new quarters near the R.N.W.M.P. barracks, and that Miss Florence Walker will spend the winter with Miss Cuthbert, during her mother's absence in the South.

Mrs. McNamara was the hostess of a huge tea at her spacious home, "Clareview," last Thursday afternoon. Everything was very beautifully done, crimson being the color note everywhere, on the tea table, in the floral decorations in the rooms, and in the prettily shaded lights. Mrs. McNamara received in a handsome costume of black satin and jet, Miss. McNamara wearing a most becoming toilette of old rose, with touches of black and gold, while the young daughters of the house were frocked in girlish white.

Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Barney Cooper presided at the tea-table, while Mrs. Park served the ices.

Mrs. Hyndman Sr. is expecting her niece, Miss Winnifred Macdonald of Winnipeg, here on a visit, this week.

Last Thursday evening Mrs. Duncan Marshall was the hostess of a most enjoyable card party of nine tables, various games being played at the different tables, thus varying the usual order of things.

Mrs. Sifton's guest, Miss Lindner, of Calgary, and Miss Savage, of Calgary, who is spending some time with Mrs. Marshall, were the raisons d'etre of the occasion, and the guests were mostly the unmarried set, with the exception of Mrs. J. K. Cornwall and Mrs. Clark Dennis.

Quantities of crimson carnations were disposed about the rooms, and Mrs. Marshall wore a handsome reception gown of old rose satin.

Miss Webster and Mr. Ernie Ferris carried off the two handsome prizes, a china placque and a brass desk appointment.

The Edmonton Ladies' Curling Club Teas are the most popular society events at the Capital. In other words, it is the correct and smart thing to be seen at them.

There can be no question about it, you may or may not take an interest in curling, you must if you are playing the society game, drink tea at least with the curlers.

How jolly well the ladies are playing this year though! Mrs. Griesbach has a splendid rink of young girls, Mrs. Jack Smith another, while the others change about more.

Three Teas were pulled off last week, and every one of them was well attended. Monday, the committee served the insidious beverage—and what a habit tea-drinking can become!—Men's points were to have been played on that afternoon, but weren't, by some fluke or other.

Thursday, mixed matches and straight games against all-men rinks were played, the ladies proving easy winners, and Mrs. Griesbach and Miss Grace Johnston capturing the prizes. It was a Club Tea, but Mrs. Jas. Smith and Mrs. Hislop presided.

On Saturday the men played off for the Ladies' Point prizes, Mr. Thom and Mr. Arnold Johnston winning, with scores of 38 and 37. Mrs. Ponton and Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes served the tea, and Mrs. Barnes, the President, in a few well-chosen words, presented the two handsome prizes, a travelling clock and an electric reading lamp.

The enthusiasm still keeps up, and the Club membership is growing daily. Miss Cook is playing a splendid game, and is probably the best curler in the club.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mercer are rejoicing in the birth of a little daughter which arrived on Feb. 16.

NO SMITHS!

While there are now about 350,000 members of the great family of Smith in Britain alone, in Old Testament times, according to the first Book of Samuel, "there was no smith throughout the land of Israel," says the Family Doctor.

This verse the late Bishop Wilberforce spotted as the hardest one to quote without smiling.

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION.

For a long time the chief functionaries of the British court have been busily absorbed with the preparation for the coronation of King George V., which will surpass in pageantry and in historical interest all former ceremonials of the kind. While the ceremony of crowning the King and Queen in Westminster Abbey on June 22 will be almost identical in form with that which followed at the coronation of William IV and Queen Adelaide, the auxiliary functions are expected to exceed in pageantry and magnificence anything that the nation has had in the past. These will include the passing of the court through London the day after the coronation and a visit to the Guild Hall with a reception to the King and Queen by the city authorities there, a naval review, a performance at the opera, with minor celebrations and pageants, among them "Festival of Empire" at the Crystal Palace.

London business men and transportation companies count on an influx of nearly 2,000,000 visitors during the coronation season. A large portion of these will be from abroad, Americans and Colonials probably predominating. The best places at the hotels are being reserved for regular patrons and managers say that prices will not be more than the regular rates. Boarding-house keepers are likely to be less reasonable in their charges to visitors who have not made arrangements for accomodation in advance.

There is every indication that the erection of stands for seeing the procession passing through London will be on a scale far more extensive than for the coronation of King Edward in 1902. Owners and tenants are asking the highest prices ever quoted for building sites and windows. Seat prices are held at the highest possible mark, but are apt to go down with a rush on the eve of the coronation when speculators find they have frightened away the public.

A lively insurance business has begun at Lloyd's against the death of the King, which would necessitate the postponement of the coronation and against bad weather. Dr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, will officiate in the Abbey. The recently appointed Dean of Westminster, Dr. Ryle, who is at present Bishop of Winchester, will assist the Archbishop in robing the King in the imperial mantle which is being embroidered at the Royal School of Art Needlework.

From the end of this month to the coronation, Westminster Abbey will be closed to visitors while workmen are preparing the building for the coronation. Galleries for the peers will be erected in the north transept, and for the peeresses in the south. There will also be special accomodation for other official spectators. The seating capacity of the Abbey is about 3,000. Special chairs, upholstered in silk, and bearing the royal arms, will be provided as at the last coronation, and those who occupy them may purchase them at cost price for souvenirs.

A splendid carpet of strong design to cover the entire nave is being woven. Royal blue will be the fashionable color. The ornamentation will include the emblems of the Order of the Garter and other heraldic devices, with the pattern on such a scale that the design is matched only once in each twenty feet.

Several of the highest officials of state, constituting the court of claims have been sitting in solemn conclave, wearing their uniforms and robes of office, with orders to pass upon the rights of the various noblemen and others to perform certain parts in the ceremony. These claims are mostly archaic in their origin.

HERE'S A TALE WITH A MORAL.

LITLLE EDITH HARRIS CURED OF DROPSY BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Two doctors said she would die, but today she is a healthy, happy girl—Healthy Kidneys in children the guarantee of a happy, useful life.

McTaggart, Sask., Feb. 20 (Special)—That no child is too young to have Kidney Disease even in its worst form, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it in any form has been abundantly proven in the case of little Edith Harris of this place.

In May, 1903, this litele girl, then two years old, was so swollen with Dropsy that her waist measure was increased from 18 inches to 34 inches. Two doctors said she must die. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her, and today she is as merry and healthy a child as is to be found in the neighborhood.

In a recent interview her father says: "Edith is better than ever. She has no return of dropsy since she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, over seven years ago. She goes to school and is healthy. I always keep Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house."

There's a moral for parents in this story. Many a child has grown up to a life of pain and suffering because its kidneys were neglected. A life of health and usefulness is assured if the Kidneys are kept in order with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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The Vancouver Saturday Sunset calls attention to a hockey developments which has already been noted in this department.

"Ottawa," it says, "which has cinched the championship, would no doubt warmly welcome a challenge from the west, for the days of Stanley cup games between the east and the west are now being numbered, owing to the popular return in the west to the amateur game. Winnipeg and the centres adjacent for a time met the east by producing professional clubs, but the fad has died out there. Edmonton had a taste of the professional game, but they were too willing to let the project fade away this year. Prince Albert is now taking up the question, and when once they start to pay for a professional team and take them on a cupless jaunt to the east, they too will be willing to call quits.

"An amateur wave in hockey is surely sweeping over the west, and it is only the question of time when the professional game will be unknown. In the east the professionals are dying hard, and with more difficult amateur obstacles to overcome than in the west, the fight for life is probably more keen than from Manitoba to the coast.

"With the west returning to the amateur game the east will have to put up a solitary fight for the professional game, and as solitary fights have not yet shown to be the most effective in fostering anything, the eastern professionals have a big task on hand to keep their identity alive. The west has had enough of professional hockey and some day the east may feel the same too."

No real friend of athletics can regret the change. The Allan Cup, emblematic of the Canadian amateur championship, has taken the place in the public attention once occupied by the Stanley Cup. The Calgary A. C. telegraphed a challenge for it immediately after defeating the teams composed of Edmonton and Taber players the other night. But it is hardly likely that with so frail a claim the challenge will carry much weight. The only team that has a right to go after the trophy is the winner of the Alberta League.

Unfortunately it looks as if there is likely to be the same kind of squabbles over the new cup as there was in the case of the old one. It was awarded last week to the Winnipeg Victorias by default because the Ontario Hockey Association wouldn't let St. Michael's College defend it during the O. H. A. season. That looked like a very reasonable rule and the action of the trustees is hard to stand. It has led Mr. Francis Nelson of the Toronto Globe to come out with a long article in which he says that all these cups competed for outside the regular leagues are a detriment rather than a help to the game.

"Sir Montagu Allan's Cup for amateur hockey and Sir Donald Mann's Cup for lacrosse," he writes, "are emblems of the voluntary assumption of something that is really only to be had by general and concerted action. Liberal patrons of sport, like the donors of the trophies named, have in view in their gifts only the furtherance of the best interests of the game with which they identify these trophies. It is the lesson of experience in Canada that such a purpose is not best served by the plan of giving a trophy to a set of trustees who appoint themselves final arbitrators of the championships of Canada. No one acquainted with the sporting history of this country will dispute the statement that the Stanley Cup and the Minto Cup have proved most detrimental to the spirit and progress of the games which their donors fought and hoped to help. More than any other agency these competitions have tended to demoralize hockey and lacrosse in the communities in which they received attention. Today they are recognized as the concrete expression of what is undesirable and unsportsmanlike. Hockey and lacrosse have been bedevilled by them to an extent that would have been regarded as a nightmare had it been suggested at the time these competitions were instituted."

The Winnipeg Victorias are a famous team. In the days before hockey professionalism they held the Stanley Cup twice and Jack Armytage, Rod Flett, Tony Gingras and Dan Bain were some of the most famous of the members of its teams. In 1891 Alexander Norquay, till recently of Edmonton, was cover point. Their last trip east in quest of the trophy was in 1901.

The Edmonton Mercantile League has been responsible for many good games, and after a very exciting contest the Sommervilles last week captured the championship from the C. N. R. The score stood 2-1, the deciding goal being shot four minutes before the call of time. The success of this league means a very great deal for the game in Edmonton. It shows that hockey is getting down to the right basis.

Another new move makes this season a very interesting one for hockey. This is the starting of annual games between the Universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The boys from the Strathcona institution play in Saskatoon next week. Intercollegiate sport has done a very great deal for the cause of amateurism both in Europe and America, and it deserves to to be encouraged.

Paul Withington, the Harvard coach, was praising the milder football of 1910.

"Football in the '90's was a terrible game," said Mr. Withington. "Bourget, you know, devoted a whole chapter of 'Outre Mer' to its horrors. Some of the stories of the football of '90 or '91 are, in fact, almost incredible.

"A Philadelphia sporting editor returned one November Saturday from West Philadelphia with a pale, frightened face.

"'Many accidents at the game?' a police reporter asked him.

"'One frightful accident,' replied the sporting editor. 'A powerful mule from a neighboring coal dealer's entered the field, blundered into one of the hottest scrimmages, and got killed.'"

Edmonton curlers have this season participated in half a dozen bonspiels. The sporting pages art full of results of the different big and small events and there can be no question about the tremendous popularity of the game in the west. The Edmonton, Wetaskiwin, Banff and Red Deer bonspiels, all within the province, have followed one another in rapid succession. At Winnipeg the McKillop rink of Calgary, which did such big things in Edmonton, was not able to accomplish much, the fourth prize in the Purity Flour competition being the only trophy won. Mr. J. M. Thom of the Capital Club, Edmonton, played with his three brothers on a Russell, Manitoba, rink, and succeeded in making a good showing. Their most notable victory was over the strong Palmer rink of the St. John's Club.

The Banff meeting promises to develop into something large with the plans which are now being worked out of making this a great winter as well as summer resort. The largest toboggan slide in the world, down Sulphur Mountain, is one of the things contemplated. At all the Swiss resorts, which will be taken as models, curling is a big feature, and certainly will not be overlooked at Banff.

The will of the late Tom Loates, the famous English jockey, has just been proved, showing an estate valued at $375,000 on the official lists. This is said to be the largest fortune ever left by a professional jockey.

With the approach of the baseball season, no one knows just what shape the league in which the Alberta professional clubs are to play, will take. We are told that if nothing better can be arranged, home and home games between Edmonton and Calgary will be played. These would hardly be sufficient, though, to warrant the keeping up of first class clubs in the two cities.

The Edmonton Deacons pulled off the semi-finals of the Alberta Amateur Hockey League, defeating Taber in a most exciting game by 3-2. For keeping the Taber score down Allen, the Deacons' goal keeper, is given the credit. But on Monday night in the first of the home and home games with the St. Mary's Club of Calgary to decide the championship, the Edmontonians went down by 7-3. They have their work cut out for them in retrieving themselves in the return match in Edmonton next week, but they are full of confidence, nevertheless. In an exhibition game on Friday last the Calgary A. C. defeated a team composed of three Deacons, one Strathcona player and three Taberites, by 8-2. It was on the strength of this that the challenge for the Allan Cup was sent. The game has no significance whatever, but it is a pity that in the first season of the league such a strong club as the Calgary A. C. undoubtedly is should have ruled themselves out as they did.

COVER POINT.

DOCTORS BY THE YEAR.

"The man who first said, 'An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure,' spoke even more wisely than he knew. He put up a sign post that an ever-increasing number of doctors are following, and laid the foundation for a community in which the family doctor will be a far more useful individual than he is today."

This is the opinion of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D., one of the best-known and most progressive medical men of the United States. As a writer, lecturer and practitioner, Dr. Hutchinson has done much to make plain the real mission of the doctor, and to remove the old-time conception of the "family doctor" as a mere dispenser of quinine, pills, and squills. In an exclusive interview given the United Press Dr. Hutchinson said:

"The chief mission of the doctor of the future will be to prevent illness, rather than to cure it. He won't sit in his office and wait for the physical wrecks to come or be brought in, nor will he make calls only when patients are in such dire straits that they are willing to pay—or promise to pay—for the sight of his face and medicine grip in the doorway.

"He will call at the houses of the wealthy, talk over family affairs in intimate fashion, learn what is going on within for the household dinner table, and—what's more important—where it comes from. If necessary he will visit the dairy that furnishes the milk, the meat shop, and other provision sources. He will know the school hours the children have, what games they play, and he will try to know all about their personal habits. If he is the right kind of doctor he would rather hear about the plumbing in his patient's house and the way the cellar is arranged and whether any of the servants have a suspicious cough or an eruption than about the prizes his wife won at the last bridge party.

"Knowing all these things, it is going to be an easy matter for the doctor to guard the health of the family and to make actual sickness a rarity. He will be a sort of family health inspector. Like the mechanic with his auto, he will 'go over' his patients at regular intervals to see that deterioration is not working in some secret way.

"The doctor will have so many clients and he will be retained at so much a year to look after their health. I once made a careful study of this plan, and, some fifteen years ago, examined the ledgers of numerous colleagues of mine in towns ranging from not over 1,500, to towns of 10,000 and 100,000, and their collections showed that they averaged less than $15 per year from all the families they attended.

"Where is there a family that would not agree to pay $25 a year to have the health of its members looked after? Some would pay many times this and do it gladly. Families could be graded into three or more main classes, say, those with incomes below $75 a month, those between $75 and $200, and those above $200. A corresponding fee could be fixed, say, $10 a year for the lowest class, $25 for the second, and $50 for the third. Then the profession would get moderate returns out of the third or more of the community which it now treats for nothing as personal charity, or in those pauperized of the community, hospitals and dispensaries."

Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrows, but it empties today of its strength. It brings a double weakness, for it makes us feeble in today's endeavors, and faint-hearted for the future.—Punshon.

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It is possible to go wrong in many ways; but we can go right in one way only.—Aristotle.

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this forever.—Chilon.

The world is a wheel, and it will all come around right.—Disraeli.

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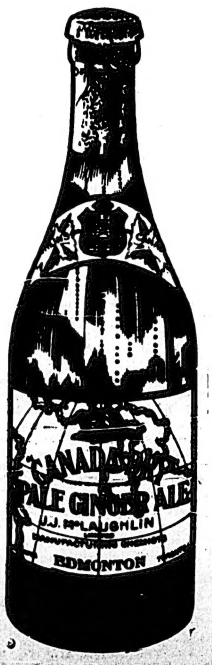

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Telephone - - - 1961

Irkutsk the Fastest City in the World

Which is the fastest city in the world? An American banker, Mr. Woodruff, who is a globe-trotter of renown, plumps for Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, says an exchange. He is familiar with Paris, London, Budapest, Vienna, New York and other capitals, but he declares that for genuine wickedness they are outclassed by Irkutsk.

"Irkutsk is not only the wickedest, but it is the fastest city in the world," said Mr. Woodruff soon after his return to New York. "There is more night life in that little town of 100,000 people than there is in all Paris or New York. In one of the ambling houses there I saw as much as $100,000 soaked on the turn of a card a dozen times in an evening. Why, the gamblers at Monte Carlo are pikers compared with some of the sporty citizens of Irkutsk. In the cafes I saw gay parties drinking bottle after bottle of wine at £4 per bottle. In all my travels I have never seen so many beautiful and well dressed women—and women of all nationalities.

"The opera there is almost as brilliant as the opera in Paris. Duels, suicides, murders, are of weekly occurrence, but a formal reception at St. Petersburg could not boast of any more culture than is to be found at a smart entertainment in one of the fashionable homes in this Siberian city. If any imagines New York is swift, a visit to Irkutsk will open his eyes. The quintessence of vice is to be found there." Irkutsk has among its citizens more millionaires than any city of its size in the world, and they have to spend their money in the city, for the reason that they are not allowed to leave the province. Most of them—especially the rich ones—are convicts who have amassed fortunes in gold mining. The Baikal Mountains, near Irkutsk, are filled with rich veins of gold and it is no exaggeration to say that thousands of men in this comparatively small town in the heart of Siberia have become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The flood of gold has naturally attracted all the luxuries of the world, and as usual the luxuries have brought vices.

The monastery of St. Innocent which cost upward of $7,000,000, is one of the finest specimens of architecture in the world. The city has more public institutions than any city its size in the world. Its cathedrals vie with any to be found in Russia, St. Basil's alone excepted. Its opera house is eclipsed only by the Opera in Paris.

Prices that are Staggering

With these refinements came gorgeous hotels and cafes. The principal cafe in Irkutsk is as grand as anything in New York, and its prices are at least four times as high. All the delicacies of the world are to be had, including the rarest wines, and at prices that would stagger Pittsburg millionaires.

As the city is a capital, it is well stocked with officials, the governor-general and civil governor having each no less than three substitutes. Gilded youths from St. Petersburg and Moscow are sent there for discipline, and the demi-monde from all over Europe and Asia are there in large numbers.

Irkutsk is a meeting place for the vicious from all quarters of the globe. There is nothing secret about any of the vice. Every type of beauty is to be found—beautiful geisha girls in native costume vieing with Viennese and Parisian women in the latest creations. All the gambling houses are wide open and, more important, conducted under police protection. The cafes never close and it is between the hours of midnight and four in the morning that they are at their liveliest. Everyone drinks; most of the Russian women smoke cigars, leaving their Parisian sisters to enjoy a cigarette.

Tragedies Are Frequent.

Tragedies, as might be expected, are frequent, and suicides are so numerous that scarcely any attention is paid to them except by the immediate friends or relatives. There is extreme poverty in certain districts and there is a large class of poor ex-convicts who make trouble from time to time. A regiment of 1000 soldiers as well as 200 mounted Cossacks are needed to preserve order, and when disturbances arise they make arrests by the wholesale. As long as these rich residents of Irkutsk content themselves with being fleeced in the gambling halls, robbed by women from Paris and Vienna, with drinking themselves to death or even murdering each other, the Russian authorities don't care. The only thing the officials insist upon is that the residents do not leave the province.

Every road is carefully guarded, and no one is allowed to board a train on the Trans-Siberian Railway in either direction without having his passport scrutinized by at least half a dozen officials. A native of Irkutsk has to make the best of his life there. Escape is impossible. Even the nearest city, Krasnoyarsk, is 570 miles away.

During the season, which, as in all Russian cities, is during the winter, all sorts of festivities are in progress. In addition to the opera, there are theaters, concerts by famous musicians, and balls of almost Viennese brilliance. The most costly favors are distributed at these balls, and dances are almost invariably given for the entertainment of guests. There are scores of homes in Irkutsk which cost upwards of a million dollars, nearly all of them with private ballrooms and picture galleries.

Not until everyone has drunk so much champagne that the servants have to assist them home, is an event of this kind concluded. Strange as it may seem, the demi-mondaines seem to be received on a basis of equality with the so-called respectable element. The very air seems surcharged with talk of beautiful mistresses, duels and favors won.

CITY PLANNING.

(Continued from page three.)

tween two roadways. Other streets are sixty and forty feet wide.

Not only in the town itself, but in the additions to it, the company has endeavored to obtain model cottages for the miners and other residents. These home sites include plantations of shrubbery and vines so arranged as to separate the front lawns from the rear playgrounds and gardens. There are fifteen styles of cottages now in Gwinn, most of them one and a half stories high, with four to six rooms. They are built of stucco and wood. Their artistic features and variety give to Gwinn a distinct appearance compared with the ordinary mining town.

It is the opinion of the officers of the Cleveland Cliffs Company that it pays to improve the educational and social conditions of a town, and in all of the towns in which the company is interested the policy has been pursued of giving substantial and constant encouragement to country clubs, singing societies, schools and churches, as well as cooperating in the general improvement and beautification of the community. As this work extended the company found it advisable to employ a secretary whose sole duties are to promote such enterprises.

Living conditions have been improved everywhere that this company has an interest, and the town of Gwinn is only an example of the manner in which the company does things.

In Canada.

Let us turn to Canada, last but not least. Outside of Ottawa and possibly Toronto, where I understand things are moving, I do not know of any city that has taken up this matter comprehensively. Montreal, I see by the papers, is now forcing telegraph and telephone companies to run their wires under ground, and is therefore moving forward. What country ever had such a scope for efficient, really efficient, civic planning? It will be a lamentable thing if the marvellous prosperity and development of Canada leaves behind no beautiful and stately cities. It will be a significant reflection on the motives and aims of her citizens if they are content to repeat and perpetuate in their cities only the mistakes of other lands.

I would like to see Edmonton take its place as the pioneer city of the West in this as in other respects, and I venture to prophesy that no publicity campaign will have more effect on prospective settlers than the knowledge that in making our city their home they can assure to themselves and their families healthy, joyous and beautiful environment, now and for all time.

THE MIRROR.

(Continued from page two)

car last evening, and as the car was cut off some time in the middle of the night, I have no help for it."

And then the simple, overgrown boy leaned over and confided further that "had he not looked under the seat to see if perchance his hat could have crawled under there, he would also have forgotten his goloshes."

But I am continually running across these ships without a rudder.

Now, my own plan would be to have a wide-awake, attractive young woman on every car, who would look after these dreaming, incidental men. For instance, at every stopping place where a passenger was scheduled to alight, she would go up to him and say:

"My dear fellow, have you your goloshes; where is your hat; do you know where your coat is? Here, let me arrange your muffler. Now, have you locked your grip; have you the key? Do you know where you're going? Have you by any chance left your wife or family behind in the dining-car? How many children had you with you? Are they all there now?"

Some such innovation appears to be an absolute necessity, while another reform would deal with a time-limit on the wash-room for women who wear their hair a la mode. Rather good that, isn't it? It is beginning to come quite naturally, too.

I don't wish to appear selfish, but—I like my breakfast on the train, and off, as soon as I'm up. Now how is one to pull this programme off, if a Peroxide Blonde makes the wash-room before you? There is her coiffure first to be untangled, then the curls to be shorn off, then the rats to be fluffed up, then the braid taken off and freshened up a bit, then the transformation front to be unhinged and re-arranged, then the whole works to be put on again, after her own wisp of hair is tucked out of sight.

In that hour and a half, a waiting woman becomes a man-eating tiger, and the far-off aroma of bacon and coffee arouses a call of the wild that will not be stilled.

Who is going to beard that selfish woman and tip her the wink that there are others?

A prize to the one suggesting the best remedy to allay the evil.

Peggy

FRESH AIR IN PNEUMONIA.

Why It Is of So Much Importance in Treatment of the Disease.

From the Youth's Companion.

In talking of pneumonia to people in general it is necessary to say and repeat many times that pneumonia is not a bad cold run mad, for this condition appears to be invincibly lodged in the lay mind.

Pneumonia is first, last and all the time an acute local disease of the lungs, which, according to the gravity of the case, become more or less consolidated or choked up. The more of the lung tissue that is thus choked the less the lungs are able to breathe. The first consequence of this helplessness on the part of the lungs is that the heart—that gallant organ—labors to get enough blood to keep things going, and this is why we see the distressingly rapid and shallow breathing so characteristic of the disease.

With all the heart can do it can only pump blood, it cannot oxygenate it—that is the function of the lungs. Presently, therefore, the blood stream becomes more and more impure owing to lack of oxygen, and in those cases ending in death one of two things happens—either the heart gives out entirely, unable to stand the strain put upon it, or else the system is overcome by toxins, that is to say, by the impurity induced by the lack of oxygenation.

It has long been recognized that what the pneumonia patient needs is oxygen, and we are now sure that this is best supplied by a direct current of fresh air from outside, and that this fresh air should be the basis of treatment from the very beginning.

Too often has life been lost by a failure to recognize this truth or by a belief that rushing in canned oxygen at the last moment would effect a cure. There is less pneumonia among country dwellers than among city people. There is less pneumonia among people who ventilate well than among the stuffy. And there is less pneumonia in the summer than in the winter, because in the summer there is a free circulation of air through all our houses. The ideal treatment of pneumonia is to carry the patient into the open air and keep him there, with proper precautions against wind and weather. But as this cannot always be done, the patient can at least be placed in the largest, sunniest and best ventilated room in the house. If possible, a room with windows on two sides is much to be preferred to one which can be opened only to one point of the compass. By a system of screening it can always be managed that a current of very cold air shall not blow right on the bed, but the air of the room should be constantly renewed and always cool.

Of all cranks the fresh air crank is the sanest, and his reward in the pneumonia sick room is a rich one.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH ENGLISH SOCIETY.

(The Church Times, London.)

What is wrong with English society? That there is a grievous sore seems to be generally agreed; various forms of optimism stop short of denial of the fact; of downright pessimism we see few traces, of helpless acquiescence too many; of reasoned hope too few. A reasoned hope calls first for a thorough investigation of the malady and its causes; next, for unfaltering belief in the possibilities of good; last, for a clear recognition of the Power beyond man that brings possibilities to fruition.

The New Year celebration of the Positivist Church has become a repeated wail; the Comtist has no mean opinion of human possibilities, but he stands bewildered before the spectacle of human failure, and he knows no God able to lift a man out of despair. Has the Christian a larger practical hope?

If the Christian theory be true, to know what is amiss with human life is also to know the remedy. Human failures are not due to any inherent defects of human nature, to any shortcomings of evolution, or to any malignant power too strong for the forces of good. They are due to the fact that men have gone away from God.

And there is an enmity with God which is not conscious, which is not combative, which is merely indifferent and uninterested. Is this the malady of English society? There seem to be good reasons for thinking it. But why this indifference, this deadness to the most tremendous influences by which human life, as known in history, has been moulded? What are the causes of the cause of ill-health? The investigation must go deep.

There is, first, a pervading sense of uncertainty about Divine things. In proportion as the secrets of visible nature are penetrated by scientific inquiry, yielding sure results, man's ignorance of what lies beyond these discoveries becomes the more conspicuous. In proportion as minute and careful investigation lights up the obscure places of the past, there is a growing consciousness of the difference between history and legend. There is less and less willingness to take tradition for granted. Nor is there, to set over against this, a greater eagerness to prove all things with a view to retaining what is good.

The second cause of the public malady operates here. It is a pervading lack of hardness, a sloth that is consistent with an immense outpouring of energy, but incompatible with taking pains over the expenditure. To be bent on having a good time, to amuse oneself strenuously, even to amuse other people with charming unselfishness and to spend oneself wholly in the task, is to have neither time nor inclination for remoter labors. Thus there is no opportunity for recovering the tradition that slips away. To move in the line of least resistance is to live as without God in the world.

A third cause is easily found in the mere strain of money-getting. That is an evil which is never long absent from human society; but it has a much worse effect when toughness and elasticity are wanting. The race for wealth at one level, the struggle for a living wage at another, do not seem to be exceptionally severe just now; very few men or women are ewholly absorbed in them; hours of work are short and holidays are numerous; but the strain is felt in such a way that nothing but amusement, and amusement of a poor kind, can be endured in the intervals of leisure. An exhausted man cannot worship or meditate on the things of the Spirit.

We allow no narrow range to the things of the Spirit. Man's life is one and undivided; he does not live in compartments. If he lacks spirituality, he will lack it all through. The present malady of human society is not a specific neglect of religion. It is not to be diagnosed by a study of the reasons why men do not go to church. They do not go to church because they have this malady—the malady of unspirituality. Having it, they find nothing but boredom in the worship of God. But the whole of their life is affected, and not only a section of it. They are not definitely materialistic.

Materialism as a formal system of thought seems to have little vogue. The truth is that matter has become as elusive a thing as spirit, and the man who takes his stand upon it seems as quaintly dogmatic as the most old-fashioned teleologist. Life does not seem mechanical, but neither is it dominated by a spiritual purpose. It is a drift. There is neither anchorage nor motive power. What can men make of marriage and divorce? They neither acknowledge a law which they have no power to change, nor set themselves an ideal to be consciously pursued. They drift from illogical obstinacy to illogical compromise. And this crying question of the day is but a part of a consecutive whole.

There seems to be nothing but the casual movement of Empedoclean atoms. It is here that hope comes in. Men cannot be satisfied with such a condition. Discontent with it is becoming an undernote in the noisy clamor of life. A wise optimism seizes on this.

OLD LONDON LEGEND.

(From Every Evening.)

The church in Woburn square, London, is said to occupy the site of the "Field of Forty Footsteps," to which a tragic legend attaches. The story dates from the days of Monmouth's rebellion. According to the version given in Mr. J. S. Ogilvy's "Relics and Memorials of London Town," two brothers fell in love with a woman who, either from callous vanity or fearing reprisals from the unsuccessful suitor, would not say which was to be the favored swain, suggesting that they should fight a duel, and to the victor she would give her charms. They came from the town to this suburban field. The woman calmly sat down to await events. She had not long to wait, judging from the number of footprints, when one of the brothers fell dead, and as the victor approached she held out her arms to greet him, when, with a sudden revulsion of feeling for his brother's death, he slew her as she stood, and, turning the weapon, he drove it through his own heart. So they were found stiff in death with the footprints stamped in the wet clay, where they remained through summer heat and winter frost; no green thing would grow nor any man build himself a dwelling there. Streets were erected all round, but it was not until the 19th century that men took heart of grace and built a church there, when the consecration of the ground rolled back the curse and the memory of the legend grew faint and faded away.

THE POOR CONSUMER.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"What is that fellow grumbling for?" said Giles, with his spade;
"Free spuds and wheat, free spuds and wheat," the poor consumer said;
"What makes you look so glad, so glad?" said Giles, with his spade.
"Canadian reciprocity," the poor consumer said.
"For they'll cease to charge us twice as much as what we ought to pay
For our butter and potatoes if we let Taft have his way;
They'll reduce the cost of living, but they'll not cut down our pay
Whtn the tariff wall is levelled in the mornin'."

"Why should you feel so good, so good?" said Giles with his spade.
"I do not keep a cow or sheep," the poor consumer said;
"What's wrong with that chap over there?" said Giles with his spade;
"He has a special interest," the poor consumer said;
"He owns a sheep or two somewhere, or, maybe, keeps a cow,
And it licks that reciprocity would ruin him somehow,
But he'll probably keep making just as much as he makes now
When the tariff wall is levelled in the mornin'."

—S. E. Kiser.

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THE SITUATION AT THE CITY HALL

(Continued from page one.)

Czar-like qualities, Mr. Bouillon can hardly hold a candle to one of his accusers, Ald. McInnis, in the display of them. When he was told according to a morning paper that there was a strong petition coming in protesting against the council's action, Ald. McInnis declared that those who were circulating it might as well save their paper. Evidently public opinion is to count for nothing. Nor is it necessary to employ a city solicitor so long as the alderman in question has his place. When told of Mr. Bown's opinion, he replied, "Nothing to it. The city solicitor is wrong. The motion was not new matter." As an exponent of the old ideas of running a city such as we have been trying to get away from under commissionership rule, Ald. McInnis' qualifications cannot be disputed.

It is evident that there is a great deal of information regarding the affairs of some of the departments in the possession of some people that has not been handed on to the citizens. Matters having come to their present pass, it can hardly be withheld much longer. The challenge which Mr. G. S. Montgomery made to Mayor Armstrong on Thursday offered to bring before an investigating committee evidence damaging to the reputation of certain present and former employees of the city which would justify the actions of the commissioners. This is straight enough and should be difficult to get away from. Publicity will afford a complete remedy. With such a crisis, there can be no further holding back in affording this.

THE ANTI-RECIPROCITY AGITATION.

(Continued from page one.)

butes in her own strength, plus the strength of Great Britain."

But even suppose Mr. Clark's and not Mr. Knox's view was in the ascendant, there is nothing to show that continental union will be advanced by the terms of arrangement. If we cannot sell to our neighbors without imperilling our loyalty, it stands on a very poor foundation and the suggestion indicates a strange lack of faith in our allegiance to British institutions. Sir Edmund Walker, the president of the Bank of Commerce, used this argument in Toronto the other day and he was immediately asked very pointedly why if the farmers were to be weaned away from the imperial connection by selling their wheat and hay and barley to the people of the United States, the Canadian bankers who last year did business with American citizens to the extent of loaning them $144,000,000 did not have their loyalty affected by this commercial connection.

But the weakest point in this loyalty cry is the fact that the men who are calling most loudly for the strengthening of the ties with Great Britain are those who have complained in season and out of season against the hardships which the cotton and woolen manufacturers and others suffered through the reduction of British duties on their products. The government has not interfered with the preference, the tariff on articles which Canada imports from Britain remaining unchanged, and the promise being held out that it will be increased. This would be the most effective way of increasing the traffic with the Motherland. Why do they not go clearly on record as in favor of such a move?

Personal

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the early appearance of a novel by Hulbert Footner, a former Calgary newspaperman, now living in New York. It is entitled "Two on the Trail," and the publishers' description reads:

Scene: A little town in Northwestern Canada where the railroad ends and the open country begins.

Garth Pevensey: A newspaper reporter who has recently had an embarrassing experience with a charming young girl in the primitive eating-place.

Mrs. Mabyn: To Garth's surprise, the guardian of the girl!

From this romantic footing Mr. Footner tells a story of adventure in the out-of-doors which is full of unexpected and thrilling situations. The strange mission which places a charming young girl under Garth Pevensey's charge during a journey through the Canadian wilds is but one feature of a delicate situation which the author handles with real power.

The Cassells Company will shortly issue another book by Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton, author of "Janey Canuck," to be entitled "Open Trails."

Mr. W. G. Trethewey, who was responsible for the putting of the Great Estate on the market seven years ago, and who since then has been an influential force in Cobalt, where he prospered greatly, was a visitor to Edmonton this week. He is now paying most of his attention to his model farm at Weston, near Toronto.

Mr. Peter Gunn, M.L.A. for Lac Ste. Anne, has been bereaved by the bath of his thirteen-yar-old daughtr, Jessie Barbara.

Edmonton has been entertaining this week the delegates of the Oddfellows Grand Lodge and the Rebekah Assembly, both of which have held largely attended sessions.

A circular has been issued by Vice-President Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, announcing the appointment of James Manson to the position of assistant to the vice-president.

Rev. F. S. Dowling, who was last year assistant to Rev. Dr. McQueen, has been inducted into the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Deseronto, Ont.

Mr. G. W. Boughton, of Edmonton, was elected vice-president at the meeting in Winnipeg of the Canadian National Association of Builders.

The first prize of $350 offered by the Exhibition Association for a design for the new stock pavilion, was won by Mr. Roland W. Lines. Mr. H. A. Magoon took the second, and Mr. James Henderson the third prize.

Dr. M. Clark, M.P. for Red Deer, addressed a large meeting of the farmers of Prince Edward County, Ontario, on the reciprocity pact last week.

The Vancouver Province does not show itself strong on geography in the following, but it is of interest to Edmontonians nevertheless:

"Mr. J. K. Cornwall, who sits in the Alberta legislature as the member for the Peace Rivr district, is in Vancouvr on a business trip. His home at Peace River Crossing is over 600 miles from Edmonton. The northerly limits of his district are the Arctic Islands and the North Pole. Mr. Cornwall has a very striking personality and is a type of modern Kit Carson who has made history. As a trail blazer and pioneer he "re-discovered" the great northern hinterland whither he went fifteen yars ago. He established himself as a fur trader among the natives and made a fortune. He has vast interests there."

THINKING MAKES IT SO.

Humor owes its effect largely to the mental attitude of the hearer—as shown by the contrasted feelings of a man who perpetrates a joke, and the one who is the victim of it. A man from Cohoes, whose performance is related in the Washington Star, is a good example of one who saw just what he was prepared to see.

A man from Cohoes entered a conference in New York and sat down near the press table. It was noticed that although he appeared bewildered the man was eager to be pleased. He clapped boisterously at the slightest provocation, and where others only smiled he would throw back his head and laugh loud and long.

At the end of an hour or an hour and a half the Cohoes man stopped his noisy applause and mirth, and leaning toward a reporter, he whispered:

"Say, this is the white-faced minstrel show, ain't it?"

"Why, no," the reporter answered. "The white faced minstrels are two doors below."

"What's this, then?" he inquired.

"This," said the reporter, "is the annual conference of the Egyptologists' Society."

"Wal," said the Cohoes man, "I'll be hanged!" And with a look of disgust, he hurried from the hall.

One doth not know how much an ill word may empoison liking.—Shakespeare.

To suffer and be strong is not easy, but courage grows with use.—Edith Vernon.

We have only to refuse to yield, and temptation has no power to harm us.—Miller.

Music and Drama

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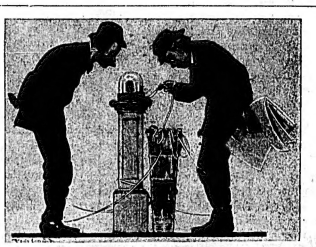

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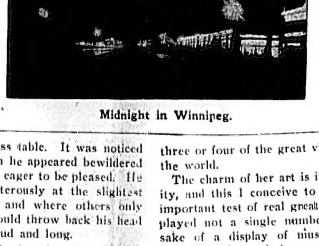

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All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at $2.25
Flannel Sheets $4.75
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THE SITUATION AT THE CITY HALL

(Continued from page one.)

Cæsar-like qualities, Mr. Bouillon can hardly hold a candle to one of his accusers, Ald. McInnis, in the display of them. When he was told according to a morning paper that there was a strong petition coming in protesting against the council's action, Ald. McInnis declared that those who were circulating it might as well save their paper. Evidently public opinion is to count for nothing. Nor is it necessary to employ a city solicitor so long as the alderman in question has his place. When told of Mr. Bown's opinion, he replied, "Nothing to it. The city solicitor is wrong. The motion was not new matter." As an exponent of the old ideas of running a city such as we have been trying to get away from under commissionership rule, Ald. McInnis' qualifications cannot be disputed.

It is evident that there is a great deal of information regarding the affairs of some of the departments in the possession of some people that has not been handed out to the citizens. Matters having come to their present pass, it can hardly be withheld much longer. The challenge which Mr. G. S. Montgomery made to Mayor Armstrong on Thursday offered a thrilling before an investigating committee evidence damaging to the reputation of certain present and former employees of the city which would justify the actions of the commissioners. This is straight enough and should be difficult to get away from. Publicity will afford a complete remedy. With such an issue, there can be no further holding back in unloading this.

THE ANTI-RECIPROCITY AGITATION.

(Continued from page one.)

butes in her own strength, plus the strength of Great Britain."

But even supposing Mr. Clark's and not Mr. Knox's view was in the ascendant, there is nothing to show that contributions will be advanced by the terms of arrangement. If we cannot sell to our neighbors without imperilling our loyalty, it stands on a very poor foundation and the suggestion indicates a strange lack of faith in our allegiance to British institutions. Sir Edmund Walker, the president of the Bank of Commerce, used this argument in Toronto the other day and he was immediately asked very pointedly why if the farmers were to be weaned away from the imperial connection by selling their wheat and hay and barley to the people of the United States, the Canadian bankers who last year did business with American citizens to the extent of loaning them $114,000,000 did not have their loyalty affected by this commercial connection.

But the weakest point in this loyalty cry is the fact that the men who are calling most loudly for the strengthening of the ties with Great Britain are those who have complained in season and out of season against the hardships which the cotton and woolen manufacturers and others suffered through the reduction of British duties on their products. The government has not interfered with the preference, the tariff on articles which Canada imports from Britain remaining unchanged, and the promise being held out that it will be increased. This would be the most effective way of increasing the traffic with the Motherland. Why do they not go clearly on record as in favor of such a move?

Personal

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the early appearance of a novel by Hulbert Footner, a former Calgary newspaperman, now living in New York. It is entitled "Two on the Trail," and the publishers' description reads:

"Scene: A little town in Northwestern Canada where the railroad ends and the open country begins.

"Judith Pevensey: A newspaper reporter who has recently had an embarrassing experience with a charming young girl in the primitive eating-place.

"Hollis Mayburn: To Garth's surprise, the guardian of the girl!

"From that romantic footing Mr. Footner tells a story of adventure in the out-of-doors which is full of unexpected and thrilling situations. The strange mission which places a charming young girl under Garth Pevensey's charge during a journey through the Canadian wilds is but one feature of a delicate situation which the author has handled with real power.

The Cassell's Company will shortly issue another book by Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton, author of "Jimmy Carmack," to be entitled "Open Trails."

Mr. W. G. Trethewey, who was responsible for the putting of the Great Eastern on the market seven years ago, and who since then has been an influential force in Cobalt, where he prospected greatly, was a visitor to Edmonton this week. He is now paying most of his attention to his model farm at Weston, near Toronto.

Mr. Peter Gunn, M.L.A. for Lac Ste. Anne, has been bereaved by the death of his thirteen-year-old daughter, Jessie Barbara.

Edmonton has been entertaining this week the delegates of the Oddfellows Grand Lodge and the Rebekah Assembly, both of which have held largely attended sessions.

A circular has been issued by Vice-President Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, announcing the appointment of James Manson to the position of assistant to the vice-president.

Rev. F. S. Dowling, who was last year assistant to Rev. Dr. McQueen, has been inducted into the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Deseronto, Ont.

Mr. G. W. Boughton, of Edmonton, was elected vice-president at the meeting in Winnipeg of the Canadian National Association of Builders.

The first prize of $350 offered by the Exhibition Association for a design for the new stock pavilion, was won by Mr. Roland W. Lines. Mr. H. A. Magoon took the second, and Mr. James Henderson the third prize.

Dr. M. Clark, M.P. for Red Deer, addressed a large meeting of the farmers of Prince Edward County, Ontario, on the reciprocity pact last week.

The Vancouver Province does not show itself strong on geography in the following, but it is of interest to Edmontonians nevertheless:

"Mr. J. K. Cornwall, who sits in the Alberta Legislature at the member for the Peace River district, is in Vancouver on a business trip. His home at Peace River Crossing is over 600 miles from Edmonton. The northerly limits of his district are the Arctic Islands and the North Pole. Mr. Cornwall has a very striking personality and is a type of modern Kit Carson who has made history. As a buckskin blazer and pioneer he 'realizes' the great northern hinterland and further he went fifteen years ago. He established himself as a fur trader among the natives and made a fortune. He has vast interests there."

THINKING MAKES IT SO.

Humor owes its effect largely to the mental attitude of the hearer—as shown by the contrasted feelings of a man who perpetrates a joke, and the one who is the victim of it. A man from Cohoes, whose performance is related in the Washington Star, is a good example of one who saw just what he was prepared to see.

A man from Cohoes entered a conference in New York and sat down near the press table. It was noticed that although he appeared bewildered the man was eager to be pleased. He chuckled boisterously at the slightest provocation, and where others only smiled he would throw back his head and laugh loud and long.

At the end of an hour or an hour and a half the Cohoes man stopped his noisy applause and mirth, and leaning toward a reporter, he whispered:

"Say, this is the white-faced minstrel show, ain't it?"

"Why, no," the reporter answered. "These white faced minstrels are two doors below."

"What's this, then?" he inquired.

"This," said the reporter, "is the annual conference of the Egyptologists' Society."

"Well," said the Cohoes man, "I'll be hanged!" And with a look of disgust, he hurried from the hall.

One should not know how much are ill-natured many empoison liking.—Shakespeare.

Too much suffer and be strong is not easy, but courage grows with use.—Edith Wharton.

We have only to refuse to yield, and temptation has no power to harm us.—Miller.

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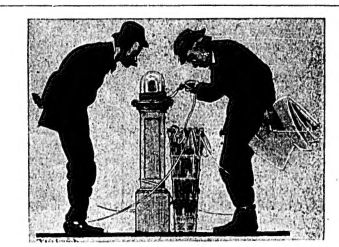

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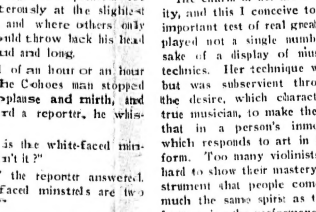

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